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THE POPE.

EVERY day the telegraph brings some intelligence about the POPE's health. Sometimes he is a little worse, sometimes he is a little better. One day very unfavourable symptoms have set in; he has lost his mind, his legs are giving way, he is wholly unfit for business. The next day he is nearly well again; he has received the French Ambassador, he has given his assent to a new loan, he has blessed thousands of people from a balcony. The telegraph sends all these conflicting messages about him, we may be sure, because Europe takes a great interest in his health; or because, in plainer language, a great many people think it to their interest that he should die, and a great many people think it to their interest that he should live. It is expected that, when the POPE dies, some great change will take place. No one says clearly what the change is to be, or why it should come; but still a change is expected, and even the possibility of change is enough at the present day to keep Europe on the quiver. And yet many reasons might be urged for the opinion that this event, whenever it may take place, will not greatly alter the situation of affairs. It is absurd to suppose that a POPE will be chosen who will blindly obey the Emperor of the FRENCH, who will go out of Rome when he is told, and will be delighted to enter on immediate arrangements for the abandonment of the temporal power. The Cardinal who would be of such a mind does not exist, and, if he did, he would be sure to be vetoed by Spain or Austria. The Conclave is entirely under the direction of persons whose fidelity to the present system is unquestionable, whose whole traditions, feelings, interests, and convictions lead them to determine that no compromise with the enemy shall be even thought of, and who will cling to the temporal power to the last. Prudence may dictate the choice of a moderate, or a silky, or even of an oily person—of a POPE who will not go out of his way to offend the great ones of the earth, and who, if he curses at all, will be content to curse in a mild kind of ecclesiastical dog-Latin. But his mind will be as firm as a rock, and his mind will be set on cleaving to the inheritance of his predecessors. Nor can it be said that there is any conspicuous change in the position of the Powers which are most concerned with the affairs of Rome. It is true that the Italian Ministry has been able to announce to the Chamber that the negotiations with France for the termination or modification of the temporal power, which broke down two years ago, have been resumed. But that these negotiations will result in anything, no Italian Minister would venture to predict. It suits the EMPEROR to stay in Rome, and, so long as it suits him, he is not likely to be turned from his purpose by the diplomatic efforts of a country that is almost entirely under subjection to him. And if it suits him to keep his troops at Rome now, there appears to be no reason why this should not equally suit him although the present Pope died and a new Pope was appointed. A new Pope would do as PIUS IX. has done, and, if any threat of withdrawing the French troops from Rome were made, would simply announce his intention of leaving Rome altogether. What the EMPEROR reasonably dreads is the spectacle of a wandering, exiled Pope, bearing his lucrative martyrdom meekly, stirring up the hearts of the faithful, and managing to implicate the eldest son of the Church in the disgrace and crime of his humiliation. If the POPE cannot do without the EMPEROR, the EMPEROR cannot do without the POPE; and as the Papal Court is perfectly aware of this, it can take the same advantage of the necessities of the EMPEROR, whether one man is Pope or another. In Spain, too, which is the stronghold of thoroughgoing Catholicism, the determination to uphold the POPE seems as strong as ever, and the Spanish Ministry has just announced that its views as to the temporal power remain unaltered. It is true that Spain could not keep up the temporal power for a day if France chose to decree its termination;

but Spain, if faithful to the last, might have the honour and distinction of receiving the POPE in his exile, and this is an honour which France would decidedly grudge her.

It is scarcely probable, however, that those who look to the POPE's death as to the beginning of a great change are entirely wrong. They may be wrong as to the time and manner of the change, but they may be right in supposing that, in a dim and mysterious way, things are working against the Papacy. The spirit of the Papacy is, as all its wisest supporters acknowledge, opposed to the spirit of the modern world. It discourages science, it discourages social enterprise, it discourages great political effort. But the modern world loves all these things, and is loth to be turned from loving them. Even pious nations like Spain are beginning to wish to grow rich, and, in these days, with the desire for wealth comes the desire for that freedom of speech and inquiry which wealth seems to foster. It is not a very profound desire, for wealthy people soon find their intellectual and spiritual aspirations chilled. But it is a desire which at least declines to be put off with absolute nothing, and the Papal Court does not like anything thoroughly except a total blank. It wishes to find all men submissive, stationary, and obedient. The Roman nobles—who lead the lives of big babies, who adore sugar-plums, who know what robes priests ought to wear on each festival, and who leave their estates in the Campagna to desolation and malaria—are the men after its own heart. Sometimes it has a temporary success. There is a period of depression and reaction. Spain, for example, has long displayed a waywardness, a feebleness, and a want of purpose that have been all that could be wished. In Belgium, intense mercantile and agricultural industry has long been associated with the most childlike devotion to Rome. But even in Spain and Belgium things do not go for ever right. Although Belgium is ardently Catholic, yet the Liberals have for some years guided and governed the country, and the chief aspiration of the Liberals is to promote the trade of the country as much as possible, and keep the priests from checking it. In Spain, the party of progress is just beginning to take heart again, and an enormous gathering of Liberals from all the great towns has recently been held for the purpose of letting the present Ministry and the present Chamber know that their grasp of power is not to be undisputed much longer. Probably the Progresista party has no distinct intention of separating Spain from the POPE, or of changing the relations of the country to Rome. But the only ground on which this party can appeal successfully to the electoral bodies is, that it represents with greater fidelity than its opponents the leading principles of modern society, that it is more determined to promote undertakings of public utility, more anxious that the thought of the large towns should find an adequate expression, more determined that education shall teach something useful for this world, and that laymen shall not give way to priests. It is difficult to suppose that, if persons animated by such ideas came into power, they would like to dissociate themselves from the lay world of France and Italy. They would look on the retention of the temporal power as a political rather than as a religious question; and if political considerations are to be supreme, the door is opened to bargaining, and bargaining must, in the long run, tend to the advantage of Italy.

And if modern thought is destined to undermine the temporal power, there is so far a reason for anticipating a change of some sort, should an opportunity offer, that the EMPEROR to a great extent represents the modern thought of the Continent, and is what he is because he represents it. He might very possibly feel that he would be losing prestige if he allowed the death of the POPE to pass by without making some changes. He will probably do little more than adopt some measures which will check or stop the brigandage of which Rome is the centre. It is generally understood to be a proper compliment to the high personal character of the

POPE, and a tribute to his piety, and sufferings, and gentle temper, and old age, that, as long as he lives, the hordes of ruffians should be unmolested who sneak out of his territories to rob and ravish and murder. But when he is gone, and has a heavenly crown instead of a poor earthly mark of reverence like this, it will be scarcely necessary to be as lavish in respect to his successor, whose age will probably be less, and whose virtues and amiable qualities will be unknown at first. Nor need the EMPEROR fear lest, if he took some steps in this matter, the new Pope should disconcert all his plans by going into voluntary exile. A Pope who, as soon as he was crowned, ran away because he was not allowed to patronize vagrant cut-throats, would be too ridiculous even for Spanish devotees. The EMPEROR might easily decline both to leave Rome, and to be responsible for the crimes of which the temporal power is the fountain. He would be supported by public opinion in France and in far the greater part of Europe if he were to declare that open, audacious, and organized brigandage should cease in the Papal States with the life of PIUS IX. It is true that, by rooting out brigandage, he would cut away from the Italians one of their chief arguments for the destruction of the temporal power, but, on the other hand, he would inevitably secularize the administration of affairs in all the districts south of Rome, and possibly, to some extent, in Rome itself. The French and the Italian troops must act in unison, even although they were rigidly kept on different sides of the border line. Years might pass away, and the Government of Rome might still be in the hands of the Papal Court; but if the administration of affairs were once conducted on the principles of common sense in any one portion of the Papal territory, the influence of so great a change must inevitably spread by degrees. Although, therefore, it may be very absurd to suppose that, if PIUS IX. dies, a minion of the EMPEROR will be chosen, or that the French troops will immediately pack up their *saucepans* and go, or that VICTOR EMANUEL will at once order a *Te Deum* to be sung in St. Peter's to honour his arrival in the capital of Italy, it may be true that the EMPEROR will so far feel himself strong, and will be so far anxious to justify his own reputation and to stand well with the party of European progress, that he will partially secularize the administration, and refuse to tolerate any longer enormities which ecclesiastics can forgive, and even admire, because they are committed on behalf of a cause that is dear to the clerical world. This would not be a very great change for the death of the POPE to bring about, but it is a change which would do a large amount of immediate good, and might lead to changes greater and more splendid than itself.

THE DANISH QUESTION.

THE Prussian requisitions in Jutland, to which LORD ELLENBOROUGH drew attention on Thursday evening, are oppressive, and they are probably intended to be offensive. The officers of the army hope that, while they are injuring the Danes, they are offering a safe insult to a more powerful nation. It must be admitted that English sympathies form an inconvenient addition to the troubles of every conquered country. When General BUTLER first displayed his administrative vigour at the expense of the ladies of New Orleans, some little difference of opinion as to the propriety of his conduct was faintly expressed in the North; but as soon as LORD PALMERSTON had denounced the celebrated order, General BUTLER became the popular hero of the day, and he would have been applauded if he had sent every malcontent woman within his reach to the House of Correction. For similar reasons, General MOURAVIEFF redoubled the severity of his persecutions in Lithuania, as if to prove, in the total absence of danger, that he was not afraid of England. The indignation which a year ago found sufficient incentives in Poland has now, with a facile unanimity of oblivion, directed itself against the invaders of Jutland; and the Germans accordingly detest England more cordially than the Russians, and almost as bitterly as the Americans. It is but a small consolation to the vicarious objects of resentment that the sentiments for which they are made practically responsible were intrinsically just. MOURAVIEFF is a brutal tyrant, and BUTLER is certainly not a gentleman. The Prussian commanders in Jutland have not earned by military eminence the right to emulate the cupidity of SOULT, or the cruelty of DAYOUST; but unluckily they hold possession of Jutland, and they answer English declamation by requiring for their men additional rations of cigars. The laws of war seem to be singularly elastic, and they are almost always stretched for the benefit of the stronger belligerent. The Duke of WELLINGTON's memory, indeed, is still revered in some villages in the South of

France because he hung two soldiers for stealing a duck; but Federal troops in America have systematically pillaged the enemy's country, and now the Prussians extort cigars from the unfortunate inhabitants of Jutland, even during a suspension of hostilities. They will probably hereafter pay for the goods which they require in bills on the Danish Government, drawn against the expenses of the war. It must be pleasant to eat, and drink, and smoke at the cost of a helpless adversary, especially when the proceeding visibly annoys an angry but passive bystander.

The Prussian Government has, probably with the assent of Austria, publicly repudiated the obligations of 1852. According to the letter of international law as it is interpreted by jurists, the rupture between Prussia and Denmark has annihilated all subsisting contracts; and it is argued that the non-German parties to the treaty were only accessories, because the only exchange of ratifications was between Berlin and Vienna on one side and Copenhagen on the other. The reasoning is, by no means satisfactory, but the deficiency of logic is unfortunately supplied by force. It is true that England, France, and Russia, if they were united and determined to act, are capable of producing, in defence of the treaty, still more stringent arguments by land and by sea; but as two of the neutral Powers are unwilling to interfere, the vindication of the treaty by England alone would be a gratuitous and Quixotic proceeding. The right of remonstrance which is conferred by the treaty is unconnected with the shadow of an interest in the dispute, and the more substantial claims of Denmark are technically invalidated by the war. It may be added that the arrangement of 1852, though it is, for obvious reasons, defended by the supporters of LORD PALMERSTON and by the allies of LORD MALMESBURY, is condemned by all impartial politicians as utterly inexpedient and unjust. The Government of Prussia is violent now because it was cowardly then. The rights of Germany were tamely surrendered at the dictation of Russia, and they are safely reasserted at the expense of the Danes. It was not likely that the opportunity of retrieving the national honour would be neglected by Prussia, and Denmark is to be blamed for the obstinate procrastination which left the quarrel open until it was complicated by the death of FREDERICK VII. and by the disputed succession. It is disagreeable to submit to demands and pretensions which are preferred in the most overbearing manner, but it is better for all parties that a new settlement should be substituted for a treaty which has only served to accumulate materials for a war. The great superiority of force which makes resistance impossible saves, in any case, the honour of Denmark. It has never been disputed that conquest, even where it is obviously wrongful, may be the foundation of a title. The moral iniquity of the act is, in the present instance, palliated by the probable acquiescence of the population in the compulsory transfer of allegiance.

The issue cannot be too carefully reduced to its true proportions. Although Holstein forms a nominal subject of controversy, the Danes have no desire to retain the Duchy with the ruinous connexion with Germany which it involves. The personal union of a common dynasty would involve numerous embarrassments, without adding in the smallest degree to the strength of the Danish Kingdom. The only reason for discussing the question of Holstein is derived from the moribund treaty which provides for the integrity of the Monarchy. It would be agreeable to England, and perhaps to Russia, that the provisions of 1852 should be nominally observed; but the subjects of CHRISTIAN IX. regard their own welfare and independence as more important than the multiplication of titles for the benefit of their King. They would willingly surrender Holstein, which indeed they never possessed, and it is only for Schleswig that they have engaged in the war. The legal and historical disquisitions which the majority of English politicians are proud of not understanding were indispensable to the formation of a rational opinion as long as the disputants abstained from an appeal to arms. A lawyer or a statesman might, without discredit to his judgment, hold either that Schleswig was inseparably annexed to the Danish Crown, or that the union with Holstein which had for centuries existed in practice was legally indissoluble. If the question could have been brought before a competent tribunal, a decision in favour of either party would have been entitled to respect; but, unfortunately, the authoritative adjudication of a disputed sovereignty would only be possible on the contradictory assumption that the Court represented a higher Sovereign. In feudal times, the superior lord sometimes exercised such a jurisdiction, even over vassals who were in ordinary circumstances regarded as independent; but neither Denmark nor the German claimant of the Duchy of Schleswig acknowledges

any higher power. The knot has accordingly been cut by the sword, and it must be readjusted, not in imitation of the original complications, but according to present convenience and interest.

It is evidently desirable that, in any new arrangement, the smallest possible number of subjects should be placed under alien dominion. German Schleswig for the Germans, and Danish Schleswig for the Danes, would serve as a rule to any arbitrator who was engaged in devising a reasonable compromise. It is not disputed that the extreme North of the Duchy is essentially Danish, although some of the upper classes are German. In the extreme South, the Danes form an insignificant minority, and they also belong to the humbler part of the population. It follows that Jutland ought to be extended southward, and that the frontier of Holstein should be advanced to the North. A belt of disputed territory would still intervene, coinciding nearly with the historical district of Angeln. The Angles or Frisians are not identical in dialect with either of the contending races, and their sympathies are probably divided. It is unlucky that an arbitrary measure should be necessary; but if the peace of Europe can be preserved or restored by the bisection of a strip of border country, the result seems at least equivalent to the sacrifice. There is reason to believe that this solution of the difficulty would be acceptable to Austria, and it is at least not inconsistent with the language of the Prussian Circular. If Denmark refuses to submit to any surrender of territory, it is certain that the whole of Schleswig will be claimed, and it is probable that the German Powers will enforce the demand. The English Government may console itself for diplomatic mortifications by the recollection that the plan was long ago first proposed by Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The only sufferers would be the outlying Danes who might be included in the German province, and the outlying Germans who remained subject to Denmark. It is undoubtedly true that the population is not regularly distributed, and that no definite line will separate the neighbouring races. Nevertheless, if the assembled Plenipotentiaries can agree on the principle, it will not be impracticable to make a rough approximation to justice. Ideal perfection would be in every way preferable, but Schleswig, like other countries, is liable to anomalies, and the alternative of a compromise is war. If outraged morality requires the punishment of those who have for the present triumphed, it seems not impossible that the temporary unanimity of Germany will, on the return of peace, be exchanged for the customary state of internal dissension. The Austrians are already jealous of the military successes of Prussia, and the Prussians of the superior popularity of the Austrian troops. The people of Schleswig are beginning to complain of their new masters, while the Prussian Minister, in a circular despatch, publicly denounces the obstinacy and perversity of the Diet. Politicians who look beyond the present crisis by no means rejoice in the perpetuation of the divisions which render Germany the tool alternately of France and of Russia; but it is hardly desirable that an otherwise unnecessary war should be prolonged merely for the purpose of cementing German union. Denmark has already suffered more than enough, especially as it will be necessary, in the most favourable contingency, to abandon a portion of the disputed territory.

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S PASTORAL.

THERE is one aspect of Cardinal WISEMAN's compositions that we like. He is a master of style. That is to say, he writes such English as was never written before, and probably will never be written again. It bears the same relation to the English language, as spoken and written by articulately-speaking men, that the Byzantine tongue and rhetorical flourishes of ANXA COMNENA bore to Attic Greek. It is possible that the good Cardinal's Spanish descent may account for the stately curvettings and pompous paces with which he rides the high horse. There is, in all he writes, that odd mixture of the religious and melodramatic which suggests the strangest scene that is now ever witnessed in Christendom, when the choir boys at Seville once a year execute a dance and sing a religious *villancico* before the high altar, dressed in Court attire, and decked out in silk stockings and ostrich plumes. The Cardinal has been infected for life with his Andalusian reminiscences. His pastorals are executed to the tune of a grave minuet, and his religious periods are all rhythmical and measured. Like DAVID, he dances before the ark, and foots a solemn succession of lofty cadences. But we are more concerned with his matter than with his manner. As far as we can extract the meaning of his latest Pastoral, which is not easy in the case of a writer so very dithyrambic, the Cardinal

thinks that there is grave reason to suspect an antagonism between modern science and revelation, because the English hierarchy have not smitten with the sword of the Spirit Bishop COLENSO and the authors of *Essays and Reviews*, and because they have, "three and three," been very civil to GARIBALDI. It is not quite clear what the Swiss Lake dwellings, the flint implements in the drift, and the French fossil skull—all of which are referred to by the Cardinal—have to do with the entertainment at Stafford House, or what all of them put together have to do with Dr. COLENSO's ecclesiastical studies. Still less do we catch the exact point of connexion between all or any of these topics and the doctrine of the Trinity, which one would have thought was the proper subject of a Cardinal Archbishop's Trinity Sunday Pastoral. But we were not brought up in the logic of the Roman schools, which may account for the slight difficulty we find in following the Cardinal as a reasoner. However, let us take his talk as it stands, translating it into English as we go on, and supplying something of that logical *neous* which His Eminence so superbly disdains.

The conclusions of modern science as to the age of the world are, by the Cardinal, alleged to be contrary to revealed religion. When there is a conflict between the Mosaic record and those conclusions, we are to distrust "this confused mass of immature *geognosy*." Why? Because of the miraculous spread of the Christian religion against the power of the Roman Empire. If we were disposed to be captious, we might say that Christianity did not conquer the Roman Empire, but that it spread because CONSTANTINE, for political purposes, adopted the faith. But let that pass. What is the connexion between the truth of Christianity and speculations or proofs that the world is more than six thousand years old? It may be, and is, quite true that the propagation of the Gospel is one of the strongest arguments for its truth; but this argument pronounces nothing one way or the other on the age of the flint implements. The Cardinal calls on us to disbelieve the fact of certain successive ages of mankind of greater antiquity than the received Bible chronology, because Christianity is true. But has Christianity ever said anything about the Bible chronology? Do either the Gospels or Epistles make any authoritative statement on the subject? And this leads us to the real question. If modern science is to be discredited, we have a right to ask the Cardinal what science, modern or ancient or mediæval, is to be credited? We are not to believe this, and we are to reject that. But what are we to believe? To what views of science does the Cardinal pin his faith and require the faithful of the archdiocese of Westminster to pin their faith? "We pause in 'vain'—to use the Cardinal's own language—for an answer to this very obvious question. What does the Church permit Christian men to believe as to scientific facts? If they are simply to believe that not only the whole *cosmos* in its present arrangement, but matter itself, was created in precisely six days of twenty-four hours each, it would have been the part of Christian charity, as well as of common candour, to say so. If not this, what then? Or does the Cardinal still stick to the old doctrine of the Roman Courts which condemned GALILEO? Does he hold, and demand that everybody else shall hold, that the sun moves round the earth? Because he knows as well as we know that, a very few hundred years ago, his Church occupied the very same attitude towards an immature astronomy which he now assumes towards an immature *geognosy*, and used the very same language about the fixity of the earth that he now uses about the non-antiquity of the earth. The Cardinal is not so fair as a brother ecclesiastic in Ireland, who not long since told the faithful that he did not believe the conclusions of modern science about the planetary system, but held that the sun was a stationary body, about the size of Drogheda, if we rightly remember this famous theory of the universe, and situated at about the distance of sixty miles from us. The Irish Bishop was much fairer than the Hispano-Anglican one. We must frankly say that the Cardinal's language is absolutely cruel as well as dishonest. Only to vex and torture people's souls with a string of Non Credos is not so much an intellectual crime as a moral one. The Cardinal knows full well that in his own communion, both on the Continent and here, a vigorous effort has been made—among ourselves by the establishment of the *Home and Foreign Review*, and abroad by such scholars as DÖLLINGER—not to pronounce upon the exact agreement or disagreement of science and revelation, but to express a conviction that the conclusions of science will never be found inconsistent with revealed truth when rightly interpreted. But Cardinal WISEMAN will not venture upon any interpretation

of revealed truth. He dares not. He knows that he, in his own person, holds a very different interpretation of the Book of Genesis from that held by St. AUGUSTINE and St. AMBROSE. But he has not the honesty to say so. He is afraid to let "the faithful" get hold of the general proposition, which is as true as any other fact in history, that the interpretation of Scripture on physical and material subjects has been in a constant state of flux, and has from age to age been readjusted to meet the newly demonstrated facts of the natural world. If Cardinal WISEMAN may, *salvo fide*, differ from St. AUGUSTINE on the interpretation of Genesis, why may not a Cardinal of the next century differ from Cardinal WISEMAN? Not that, for aught we know, the Cardinal does not himself believe, more or less at least, as scientific men believe, on questions of paleontology. He takes good care to say nothing of his own belief. He only curses other people's beliefs. What he says is, that modern science is the accursed thing; but what science is the holy thing he does not stoop to inform us.

With respect to what the Cardinal urges, that the Anglican Church is wanting in an undoubted sign of the true Church, because it has not blasted certain recent writers with its spiritual thunderbolts, it might be enough to remark that we have one way of treating heretical doctrine, and Rome another, and that it is by no means clear that Synods and Swords of the Spirit, the Index and the Inquisition, are the best modes of dealing with heresy in these days. It is quite true that, although in what he says about science he forgets that Scripture does not pretend to teach physical science, he is less inconsistent in that part of his Pastoral where he calls attention to the particular mode in which various Churches deal with the interpretation of Scripture with reference to its real subject-matter—moral and doctrinal truth. But here, too, the retort is easy. The Cardinal selects two doctrines—the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the eternity of the torments of the wicked. Does he, as a theologian, mean to say that, even in the Church of Rome, one stiff inflexible doctrine on these points has been always laid down, taught by all its doctors, or is even at this moment enjoined by dogmatic authority? Will he venture to say that there are no "probable opinions," permitted speculations, and uncondemned theories, even among Roman Catholics, on this subject? Will he tell us that the words "eternal," "punishment," "fire," and "torment" are not read among the schoolmen with all sorts of "distinctions," qualifications, and what occasionally look like evasion—that there have never been teachers, some marked by their rigour, some by their gentleness, who have agreed to differ, and who have been allowed to differ, on this subject? Or, again, if the Church of England is so wanting because it has not synodically defined the inspiration of Scripture, will the Cardinal inform his flock categorically and explicitly what is the Roman doctrine on this subject? And, further, if it is a mark of apostasy in a Church not to have settled everything, will he state how long it took his own Church to hatch, and against the protests of how many doctors, its last doctrine? Supposing these questions answered, we should feel some little curiosity as to what the Cardinal means by scoring up against Anglicanism the curious fact that "the leaders of the Anglican clergy, three and three" from each highest class of the national hierarchy, came "forward to greet" GARIBALDI. If it is really a fact that three Bishops and three Deans—for so, we presume, we must read the mystic language in which this notable event is described—"three and three," that is, of course, arm-in-arm and in triple file, like the beasts going into NOAH'S ark, saluted GARIBALDI, we should have been thankful for this fact a few weeks ago. A good many ridiculous things occurred in connexion with GARIBALDI'S visit upon which we took the liberty of remarking; but this double triad of Bishops and Deans escaped us. Perhaps, however, this is not what the Cardinal means. It is hard, in such a gorgeous cloud-land of rose-misty talk, to catch the precise meaning; chiefly because the Pastoral writer has not always any meaning at all. But among gentlemen it is usual, when you have a charge to make, to put it in such a form that it can be dealt with. At present, we have a very faint and confused notion what this rodomontade—"Oh! pity, pity, if not worse"—about the English Bishops and Priests is all about. At any rate, we could parallel the Cardinal's accusation. What if we were to rake up the old story of a certain Archbishop of Paris, and his greeting of something a little worse than GARIBALDI not a hundred years ago?

NEUTRALS AND BELLIGERENTS.

THE incessant controversies on the rights and duties of neutrals and belligerents which arise within and without the walls of Parliament and of the Courts of justice prove that the maxims, the adjudicated cases, and the analogies which constitute the system of international law are incomplete and unsatisfactory. In almost every discussion which arises, opposite opinions may be honestly entertained by intelligent men, and even by lawyers. It is scarcely possible to form a confident decision even on the general question whether duties of imperfect obligation are duties at all, either in a legal or a moral sense. Mr. ADAMS and other American disputants only adopt the former language of English Admiralty Courts when they apply to technical violations of a blockade terms which are ordinarily appropriated to crime. It is natural that a judge, in deciding on the liability of a vessel to capture or condemnation, should speak of acts which are merely unprotected by law as if they were positively illegal, and therefore intrinsically culpable; nor is it surprising that the irritated representatives of a belligerent Government should willingly adopt and extend the judicial precedent of vituperative language. Mr. ADAMS himself furnished a key by which similar phrases are to be interpreted when he distinguished the lawful and meritorious consignment of arms to a belligerent in Mexico from the wicked and unlawful attempt to supply similar goods to a belligerent in Texas. As penal consequences attach to criminal acts, excited logicians assume that, conversely, the enforcement of a penalty is a proof of crime. Contraband dealings, in the sense of smuggling, are censurable because they infringe the law of the State in which they occur; but contraband trade, as it is called, with Charleston is in every respect compatible with the law of South Carolina. The only authority which is defied by blockade runners is that of a foreign enemy to the consumer, and of a stranger to the consigner. By ancient custom, the blockading Power is entitled to interrupt the trade, while it is restricted to the single remedy of capture followed by condemnation. Legitimate commerce suffers a slur from the necessity of evasion, and from the contingency of loss inflicted by judicial sentence; but it is not a blameable act to sell tea or sugar to the merchants of a blockaded port, and it is not illegal to sell them cannon and rifles. The QUEEN'S Proclamation, though it is drawn in terms of conventional ambiguity, is as inoperative as any other expression of the Royal will in altering the law. It is for the Government to inform the subjects of the realm of the existence of a war between foreign States or communities, and to determine whether either party is entitled to the character of a belligerent. If it is not unlawful to send rifles to New York or to Charleston, twenty proclamations would not deprive merchants of the right to exercise their discretion.

In the recent correspondence with Mr. BARING, Lord ROBERT CECIL showed that his antagonist had contravened the language of the Proclamation by sending arms to the Federal Government. Mr. BARING answered, in substance, that his proceedings were nevertheless lawful, and therefore regular. It was, indeed not Lord ROBERT CECIL'S object to censure the sale of arms to the Federals, but to urge that equal latitude should be allowed to those who supplied the Confederates with munitions of war. Notwithstanding some inaccurate expressions in Lord RUSSELL'S despatches, no serious difference of opinion prevails as to the right of trading with either belligerent. The Government has authoritatively recognised its inability to interfere with the disputed traffic, by releasing from seizure two Blakely guns which were destined for Charleston, as soon as it was proved that they were suited exclusively for forts, and therefore could not form part of the equipment of a vessel. This distinction between ships and weapons, although it is not at first sight obvious, may nevertheless be supported by forcible arguments. Those who maintain that the cases are precisely identical must assume that the Foreign Enlistment Act is absolutely without a meaning, and that the Courts of law have discovered an altogether baseless quibble. The Court of Exchequer was equally divided on the question of the liability of the *Alexandra* to seizure, but all the Judges admitted that, under certain conditions, the venture would have been illegal. If the Government had seized a case of rifles directed to Boston or Washington, no lawyer would have seriously attempted to defend the excess of prerogative. The builders of the *Alexandra* are certainly not entitled to public gratitude for an act which, even if it was legal, exposed the country to imminent danger of war; but it is not surprising that their friends should resent the censure which is cast upon their proceedings by a merchant who is largely

concerned in the transmission of arms to the other belligerent. When the shades of moral difference graduate so delicately into one another, clear legal definitions would be especially useful.

The argument in the Queen's Bench on the return of the *Habeas Corpus* which had been obtained on behalf of three alleged pirates is less puzzling only because it admitted of a judicial decision. The Extradition Act is drawn but a little less obscurely than the Foreign Enlistment Act, and it absurdly includes piracy, without further definition, in the list of crimes to which it applies. As piracy is cognizable, wherever committed, by the law of every country, it was obviously unnecessary to subject the criminal to extradition. As some of the Judges suggested, the foreign Government might demand the surrender of the supposed pirate after he had been convicted, or when he was about to be tried. If the Act was to be construed with reference to the object which it was designed to effect, the provision relating to pirates could only be made intelligible by the violent assumption that the term was applied in a secondary sense to criminals who are guilty of piracy under municipal law. Any Legislature may extend any category of crime to any class of acts, and if Parliament were to declare that picking pockets was piracy, it would not exceed its powers. Nevertheless, it is probable that, if such an enactment were passed, the Government of the United States would decline to hand over escaped pickpockets as pirates. The counsel for the prisoners easily proved that, as they acted under colour of an authority from the Confederate Government, they were not pirates by the law of nations, or in the ordinary sense of the word. It was hard that they should be handed over to Mr. ADAMS, and perhaps ultimately hanged, because a draughtsman had followed his professional instinct by drawing an ambiguous clause. The case was further complicated by the doubt whether the act with which the prisoners were charged was not a legitimate operation of war. Neither a commission nor a letter of marque is required to justify hostile acts against an enemy's ship, although the prize only vests in the captor after condemnation. The Judges of the Queen's Bench, according to their custom, have abstained from laying down any general principle which was not necessary to support their decision. The Chief Justice would have surrendered the prisoners on the ground that piracy was piracy, nor would he have shrunk from the violent assumption that an American Court and jury were likely to administer impartial justice. His colleagues held the better opinion that the jurisdiction mentioned in the treaty was necessarily exclusive. The prisoners are discharged as being pirates, if at all, under the law of nations; and if they are tried in England, they will easily prove that, even according to the ruling of American Courts, they are in no sense pirates.

The pretended correspondence between Lord RUSSELL and Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS would, if genuine, have been one of the oddest results of complications that could ever have been anticipated. If the documents had been transmitted by Mr. SEWARD, they would have been generally regarded as a repetition of the MALLORY forgeries; but Lord LYONS, to whom they are attributed, may be supposed to have satisfied himself that the letter which he is assumed to have forwarded was really written by the Confederate PRESIDENT. Since his accession to his present post, Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS has never appeared in an unfavourable light, and there would have been an unaccountable want of dignity and good sense in the violent irritation which he was alleged to have expressed. Lord RUSSELL is perhaps the only diplomatist in the civilized world who might have spoken of the "so-called" Confederate States in a letter to their PRESIDENT. It is true that the title of the Confederacy could not be formally used in such a case, but there can be no difficulty in describing to the chief magistrate of a Republic the commonwealth over which he presides. When there is a doubt whether a young lady can be properly addressed by her Christian name, her admirer finds means to let her know that she is the object of his thoughts. As, however, the whole correspondence is an ascertained forgery, it is scarcely worth while to examine the dramatic propriety of the fictitious letters. Lord RUSSELL's manner has been more successfully imitated than the style of the Confederate PRESIDENT. If the ingenious author of the documents had known that the famous steam-rams have been purchased by the English Government, he would have been provided with an additional ground for his imaginary remonstrance.

THE ARABS OF ALGERIA.

THE rising of the Arabs in Algeria has assumed proportions which show that it is much more serious than was at first expected. Although the Generals in command have achieved sufficient success to give the insurgents a decided check, they appear to need reinforcements; and as the French War-Office acts with a promptitude which we hope the English War-Office has at last learnt to imitate, the requisite number of men were ready to sail in twenty-four hours. The French Government is far too strong and too conscious of its power to think of concealing what is taking place. It knows that the Arabs are as certain to be put down as detected conspirators are certain to be arrested by the police. If the insurgents were twice as numerous and twice as fanatical, they would be as chaff before the whirlwind when France began to put forth its strength. But a rising, although certain to be unsuccessful, may be a very serious matter. No political event could be more easily divined than that Poland, if left to itself—destitute of arms, and without forts or strong positions at its command—could never hold out against the enormous army of Russia. And yet the Polish insurrection has been a great blow to Russia—has crippled its action in Europe, drained its resources, lowered its credit, and cut it off from the supplies on which it relied for the construction of those means of communication through which alone the great natural wealth of the country can be made available. It is not at all probable that the rising of the Algerian Arabs will be to France what the Polish insurrection has been to Russia. But it presents features which, it would be idle to deny, are of a serious kind. In the first place, it is not a mere local and isolated movement. There seems to be a general outburst of fanaticism among all the Mahometan populations whose territories border on the Mediterranean. The poor Bey of TUNIS, in spite of his magnificent offers, his remission of unpopular taxes, and his indifference as to the particular tribunals that may best please his subjects, is still pressed by a rebellion which he has no means of suppressing. The old disturbances appear on the point of reviving in Syria, and there seems great doubt, we are told, whether the arrangements devised by the Western Powers for tranquillizing the discordant tribes of the Lebanon are fated to have any better issue than the numberless plans that have been tried in vain before. It seems as if the barbarous and superstitious populations—who are still as wedded to Mahometanism as if they had never seen a Christian, or who learn a new intensity of hatred from the Christians they see—were only excited, and not terrified, by the civilization of Europe. They know just enough of it to feel a deep hatred of it as of something utterly alien to themselves, and as destined to subvert them unless they subvert it. But they do not understand it enough to feel their real inferiority of strength, or to be able to calculate how greatly they must lose and suffer by opposing it. All they hope is to take it at a disadvantage. It appears that the current intelligence from Europe is translated into Arabic newspapers, and circulates freely among the border tribes. They have not got hold of the journals which explain that to sit still and see what will turn up is the height of Napoleonic wisdom at present; but they have learnt that war is going on in Europe, and they cannot believe that a war can go on long on the European Continent without France taking part in it. With a rapidity of argument that is not unnatural in savages bewildered by telegrams, they have concluded that France is, as a matter of fact, at war, and that this is the time for action. They will soon find that France is at perfect peace, and that her peace establishment of four hundred thousand men, though considered so very moderate by M. THIERS, is fully competent to deal with them.

It is impossible to hear of this outbreak and not to think of our own position in India. We have there a Mahometan population with a rage and hatred against its rulers unappeased and undiminished, and longing for the day when the disasters of the Mutiny may be avenged. Their leaders have every opportunity of knowing what is going on in Europe. The English press freely communicates, not only the rumours of war, but the rumours of a war that is merely possible, and the natives glean with avidity every scrap of intelligence. We cannot flatter ourselves that the Mahometans of India are more attached to us than the Mahometans of Algeria are to the French, nor are they likely to be more impressed by our force or more conciliated by our gentleness. They are well aware that, even if we do not oppose their religion openly, and although we do not succeed in persuading half-a-dozen Mahometans in as many years to become Christians, yet we throw the religion of the Prophet into the shade and make his

followers eat the bread of constant humiliation. Every account from Indian authorities, of all shades of opinion, agrees that the Mahometans are as ready to raise India against us as they ever were. It is true that we are now well able to meet them in the field. We have scarcely, perhaps, so great a superiority in arms as the French have in Algeria, but we have at least eighty thousand excellent English troops, we hold all the great arsenals in our own possession, and there is at least as much reason to hope that the Sikhs would go with us as there was seven years ago. But the Algerian Arabs have been moved to rise against France, not because they thought themselves stronger, but because they thought France weaker. They eagerly seized the opportunity, as they believed, of a great European war. And it is obvious that, if England were to take part in a great European war, one of her greatest anxieties would be how to hold India in tranquillity. It is a very heavy drain on the population of the British islands to have to furnish a standing army of eighty or a hundred thousand men, and station them at the other end of the world. If a severe campaign, or disease and exposure to heat and fatigue, wore away the strength of the army we have got in India, we should have hard work to find another. We should do it, of course, but we should be scarcely able to make any very vigorous efforts by land in Europe at the same time. The danger of a great Indian war coming on our hands concurrently with a great European war is quite a new danger for us. If we had had the Crimean war and the Mutiny to deal with at once, we might have formed some notion of what this trial would be, although, as Russia was not an enemy who could attack us in India or on our road there, even this combination would not have revealed to us our full danger. In the days of the Crimean war no one ever dreamt of an Indian mutiny, because it was the universal belief of all our Indian authorities that the natives all loved us with the fond fidelity with which sheep love a shepherd, or a dog loves a kind master. But the Crimean war inspired these affectionate natives with the conviction that the English might be fought, and that they were no more invincible than other men. We should be obliged to tighten our grasp on India if we went to war in Europe, or else we should be obliged to content ourselves with using only our navy in Europe. We might make a sudden effort, and get safely through a short struggle; but in any protracted contest, like the old Peninsular war, we should be straining to the utmost the resources of our population if we tried to do at once what the Duke of WELLINGTON did in Portugal and Spain, and what Lord CLYDE did in Oude.

We may be sure that the nations of Continental Europe see this as clearly as we can see it, and can estimate perfectly well all the difficulties which the retention of India under the new system of keeping there an overwhelming English force throws in the way of England as a European Power. We cannot be very eager to engage in a war near home when we might have so much to do at a distance, just as in return the population of Algeria is a guarantee that France will not lightly quarrel with England. We have any amount of money and any amount of ships, and an unalterable determination to fight hard if we ever engage in war at all; and therefore the Continental nations still respect and fear us, and will continue to do so, we may hope, even after the great German fleet has been constructed in the waters of Kiel. The ignorance of the ordinary Continental nations about England could scarcely surpass the flight of those enthusiastic Germans who, for the last two months, have been assuring their countrymen that Britons turn pale when they think of this future German fleet, and of losing through it the power of freely navigating the Baltic. But those who really set Continental armies in motion, and give the signal for great European wars, are able to calculate the advantages and drawbacks of our position much better than we can. They know that our navy is supreme unless all the navies of this hemisphere could be gathered together against it, and that possibly even then it would not suffer much. But they also know that the land strength of England has been turned into a direction from which it cannot easily be diverted to a European contest. England is mistress of the sea and of the East, and in order to be mistress of the East she has abandoned some of the advantages with which she would formerly have entered on a struggle near home. If, with all the memories of great triumphs won in Europe, and of a just and advantageous policy often supported in Europe by England, we are inclined to regret that we have undertaken a labour at a distance which taxes our strength so greatly, and leaves us with fewer resources at hand for our nearer necessities, we may at least have the satisfaction of thinking that we do not labour in vain.

Everything proves—and this new rising of the Mediterranean Mahometans proves it as much as anything else—that the only hope of the East, and of populations connected with the East, is in the interference of European nations, and that this interference is, on the whole, successful. The best thing that can happen to these Algerian Arabs is that they should be so effectually put down, once for all, that they will not think of rising against France for many a long day. Where the rulers of Mahometan populations are thoroughly under the influence of European civilization, in Turkey and in Egypt, there, although the fanaticism is as strong, it is repressed, and dies into nothing. Where, as in Syria, the European Powers—being divided by sacred quarrels and a rivalry of creeds—only interfere partially and spasmodically, there are always little risings and fitful bursts of cruelty and intolerance. Where, as in Tunis, the European Powers have made a point of not interfering at all, fanaticism and anarchy triumph. This does not impose on us any duty of interfering everywhere and in every case. We are not called on to annex China for its moral advantage, or to take the hordes of Western Asia under our civilizing protection; but it consoles us for interfering, and for exhausting our strength in interfering, where inevitable duties leave us no choice but to hold our own and govern as best we can.

AMERICA.

WHATEVER charges may be brought against the contending sections of the American nation, the obstinate determination which has been exhibited on both sides cannot but be respected. The pertinacity of the North is only exceeded by the heroic resolution of the South. After the losses of territory in 1862 and 1863, the white population of the Confederate States may probably be estimated as not exceeding three or four millions; and, although the available labour of the negroes places the services of every able-bodied man at the disposal of the country, the maintenance and equipment of a regular army of more than 200,000 men is a proof of admirable energy and of remarkable powers of organization. The Federal Government rules over twenty millions, and by extraordinary good fortune it has found in the immediate consequences of the war the means of replacing its lavish expenditure of life. The withdrawal of large numbers of working-men has raised the price of labour to a rate at which the unemployed labourers and artisans of Europe are induced to immigrate in extraordinary numbers. The proportion of new-comers which is open to the blandishments and to the bounties of the recruiting officers has never been stated with even approximate accuracy, but it is certain that a new population is pouring into the country like air into an exhausted receiver. The Northern States are probably now as populous as at the beginning of the war, while scarcely a single settler has taken himself to the depleted regions of the Confederacy. To material advantages the Southern people oppose indomitable firmness and daring, guided by the sagacity of skilful leaders. In the West, they have to some extent profited by the vast distances which constitute their natural defence; but the Virginian army may boast that it has performed its great achievements on a stage of only European dimensions. Richmond is not so far from Washington as Paris from Strasburg, or Strasburg from Vienna, yet in three years the utmost efforts of the enemy have never enabled him to traverse the intervening space. McDOWELL, McCLELLAN, POPE, BURNSIDE, and HOOKER have been successively hurled back into their own territory in more or less ignominious failure. If GRANT succeeds in his enterprise by enormous superiority of resources, he will nevertheless have suffered losses which recall the memories of Borodino or of Leipsic. No city, in ancient or modern times, has cost either a conqueror or a defeated assailant one half as dearly. The accumulated losses of the Federal armies, in their various advances on Richmond, cannot have fallen short of 200,000 men, in battle or in actual service, besides stragglers and deserters in untold numbers. NAPOLEON occupied every capital on the Continent of Europe with a smaller sacrifice of life in the field, although his campaigns were indirectly more wasteful than even the American war. Yet the successive enemies of NAPOLEON may be estimated at a hundred millions, to be compared with three or four millions of Confederates.

The bloody battles which have been fought since GRANT's passage of the Rapidan seem to have been, to the date of the latest accounts, comparatively indecisive. It remains to be seen whether LEE is so far weakened as to be forced to fall back on the defences of the capital. If the Confederate army is still able to keep the field, GRANT can scarcely be in a condition to

force his way to Richmond. As he moves further from the Potomac, his difficulties of transport will increase, and it is not improbable that his best troops have been already expended. The reserve under BURNSIDE includes a large proportion of coloured regiments, and negro soldiers are certainly not a match for an equal number of Virginians or Texans. There is reason to believe that LEE outnumbered the enemy in cavalry, and consequently he may be able, even if he continues his retreat, to threaten the Federal communications. On the other hand, General GRANT has displayed both vigour and endurance, and he has neither boasted of victory beforehand nor disclosed his plans of campaign. In military operations, battles are generally fought only as incidents of a general scheme, for the purpose of securing advantageous positions. It is barely possible that GRANT may have hoped to accomplish his object by the rude process of killing off his adversaries, at any cost to himself. NAPOLEON entered Moscow after losing 30,000 or 40,000 men at Borodino. LEE will assuredly not be as timid as KUTUSOFF, but, if his loss has approached that which is acknowledged by the invaders, he may be compelled to await a further attack behind the fortifications of Richmond. The rumours of his want of provisions may be safely disregarded. It is highly improbable that, after several months of unmolested leisure for preparation, the Government at Richmond should have failed to collect the necessary stores for its principal army; and one main line of railway is far beyond the reach of the enemy. A siege of Richmond might be found as arduous an undertaking as the siege of Charleston, especially as it must be conducted without the aid of frigates and gunboats.

General BUTLER's movement on the capital from the South-east was intended to detain BEAUREGARD at a distance from the principal field of operations; but, if the last accounts may be depended upon, his object has been wholly frustrated. As a civilian who has never displayed military ability, BUTLER would probably incur a disastrous failure if he were not assisted, and virtually superseded, by General SMITH, who is said to be a skilful soldier. The occupation of City Point, and perhaps of Petersburg, must be annoying to the Confederates, although they abandoned both positions without resistance. By recent accounts it seems that General SMITH has approached Fort Darling, and BUTLER himself is reported as having established himself at Turkey Island Bend, on James River. Above City Point, BUTLER must have dispensed with the aid of his gunboats, and, as he ventures nearer to Richmond, he will probably find himself in front of fortifications which will require a regular siege. His latest reported movements have apparently not been successful. It would seem that BEAUREGARD's object has been to amuse the enemy on the James River with a show of opposition while he reinforced the Commander-in-Chief with the bulk of his forces; and it is now asserted that this object has been accomplished. With 20,000 fresh troops, LEE might again be strong enough to take the offensive, and, if GRANT were compelled to abandon his project of campaign, the demonstration of BUTLER would be harmless to the Confederates and dangerous to himself. It is supposed that the advance of a third Federal army from the South has been prevented by the recent Confederate successes in North Carolina. Perhaps, however, BUTLER may have drawn reinforcements from Newbern before he moved from Fortress Monroe. His force is described, in the vague language of American newspaper correspondents, as "vast" and "immense." His numbers must be considerable if it is true that BEAUREGARD has 30,000 men, but the Federal statements of the enemy's force are generally exaggerated. The main army under GRANT consisted of three divisions, estimated at 35,000 men each, and of BURNSIDE's reserve of 40,000. It may be guessed that 140,000 men were engaged on one side, and 100,000 on the other. There is no other modern instance of a great battle like that of Wilderness, in which it was impossible to use artillery. The loss of General LONGSTREET, at least for the present, may be set off against many ordinary casualties. It was commonly believed that the death of JACKSON at Chancellorsville paralysed the subsequent invasion of Maryland; and the absence of LONGSTREET will once more deprive General LEE of his ablest and most trusted lieutenant. But for LONGSTREET the battle of Chicamunga might have ended in a Federal victory, and it was owing to his activity that the conquest of East Tennessee was afterwards prevented or postponed.

The army at Chattanooga, probably in pursuance of GRANT's directions, commenced its onward movement simultaneously with the passage of the Rapidan. The first position which the Confederates defended was found to be too strong for attack, and no considerable engagement has been reported to

Washington, although it is stated that Dalton has been evacuated. It is not certain whether General GRANT wishes to attempt the conquest of Georgia, or merely to prevent the despatch of reinforcements from JOHNSTONE to LEE. The Federal Government has habitually engaged in several contemporaneous enterprises, but GRANT may not improbably have satisfied himself that either the capture of Richmond or the failure of his enterprise would decide the fortune of the war. Since the first defeat of BANKS in Louisiana, and the minor successes of the Confederates in Florida and North Carolina, opinion in the North has become in some degree hostile to all outlying operations. The imminent danger to which BANKS is exposed by the closing of the Red River will confirm the soundness of the recent discovery. The capture of the Federal army of Louisiana and of Admiral PORTER's squadron would be more than an equivalent for the loss of Vicksburg. Even the Mississippi—which already by no means flows, in Mr. LINCOLN's phrase, untroubled to the sea—now appears less valuable than the possession of the hostile capital and the preliminary overthrow of LEE. As a general rule, it is true that concentrated efforts tend most directly to the object of compelling an enemy to sue for peace; but, even if Richmond were taken, the effect on the Confederate counsels is uncertain, and it is even possible that the comparative resources of the belligerents might not be materially affected. As long as the resistance of the South continues, the supply of soldiers will be only limited by the numbers of the population; but recruiting, except among freshly-landed immigrants, has almost ceased in the North, and it has not yet been proved that a forcible draft is practicable. Several regiments, with that peculiar chivalry which always distinguishes their native State of Pennsylvania, discovered, on the eve of the passage of the Rapidan, like their comrades or predecessors at Bull Run, that their term of service had expired. General MEADE replied that, if they acted on their opinions, they would be shot, but in two months their discharge will be granted without dispute. Difficulties of this kind throw serious doubt on the popularity of the service.

MILITARY WEAPONS.

UP to the present time it has been the confident boast of almost all English military men that in the Armstrong field-piece and the Enfield rifle our troops were provided with the best service weapons to be found in the hands of any soldiers in the world. Of late, however, murmurs have been heard that other countries are in advance of England in these essentials of military equipment. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, who has obtained more detailed information as to the construction and practice of French guns than is generally current in this country, does not conceal his opinion that the French possess in their *canons rayés* a more effective field-piece than the Armstrong gun. The broad distinctions seem to be that the French guns are of bronze instead of iron, are of larger calibre in proportion to the weight of the projectile, and are—either from deliberate choice or, more probably, from necessity—fired with a lower charge than the corresponding English guns. To this it may be added, that breech-loading is altogether rejected in France, as it probably will be before long among ourselves. In results, the broad differences are that, while our iron guns are more durable, the bronze cannon of the *EMPEREUR* are more easily and cheaply recast and restored when they have become worn out. In velocity, range, and precision the Armstrong may have some advantage, while the *EMPEREUR*'s gun throws a shell with a heavier bursting charge, though possibly not a more destructive missile, than the segment shell. The conclusion which the writer suggests in favour of the French weapon must be qualified by the circumstance that he is evidently less familiar with the position of artillery science in England than with the performances of the favourite gun of the Emperor NAPOLEON. Upon the whole, perhaps, though a little of our past complacency may be displaced by these comparisons, there is not much reason to apprehend that the artillery of the French or any other army is at all more formidable than our own.

But a more serious and doubtful question, which has been raised at intervals for many years, has assumed a new importance from the late campaign of the Prussian troops in Schleswig, and especially from the incidents of the siege of Dybbøl. Ought a soldier to carry a breech-loader or a muzzle-loader? It is now at least sixteen years since the needle-gun was introduced in the Prussian army, but either from considerations of economy, or from distrust of the breech-loading principle, no

other country has followed the example. After every allowance for the graphic element in the reports of Our Own Correspondents, it seems clear enough that on some occasions the rapidity of the Prussian fire gave them an immense advantage over the Danes who were conducting the hopeless defence of the Dybbøl works; and it has been very generally assumed that breech-loaders, either in that or some other of their numerous forms, ought instantly to take the place of our regulation rifle. That the time will come when all the armies of Europe will carry breech-loaders is, perhaps, a safe prophecy; but there can be no doubt that the whole question requires a much more careful investigation than it has yet received before the change can be prudently made. The observations which the Duke of CAMBRIDGE made upon this subject on the occasion of the late meeting of the National Rifle Association, if not strained beyond their fair meaning, will do good service in checking the tendency to over-hasty innovation which is the natural reaction from the lethargy which has until lately prevailed at the War Office on this important subject. The mischief of precipitation in such matters has been shown abundantly in the production of vast numbers of breech-loading cannon of large dimensions, all of which will assuredly have to be replaced either by the simpler and more durable shunt-guns which Sir W. ARMSTRONG has since devised, or by some other form of muzzle-loading cannon. The question as to muskets does not require less careful inquiry, though it turns upon wholly different considerations. Breech-loading adds nothing to (even if it does not diminish) the rapidity of artillery fire, while, when applied to small arms, it not only gives the soldier five or six shots for one with a muzzle-loader, but, with many forms of the weapon, it enables him to load with facility in any position behind the slightest cover without exposing himself to an enemy's fire. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, nevertheless, expressed grave doubts whether rapidity of loading was an unmixed advantage, and the apprehension seems to be very general among military men that our soldiers, if armed with such a weapon, would be tempted to throw away their ammunition so recklessly as to reserve nothing perhaps for the very crisis of an action. It is easy to understand what is said by almost all men who have seen hard fighting, that nothing is so severe a trial to the courage and steadiness of troops as to find their ammunition suddenly exhausted; and, enormous as the advantage of rapid fire must be in storming works as at Dybbøl, or in meeting a charge of cavalry, it would be a good deal counterbalanced if the British soldier could not be brought to a more intelligent state of discipline than is implied in the practice of firing away his cartridges at anything or nothing as fast as he can load his rifle. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE paid a high compliment to the Volunteers, which we hope they will sooner or later deserve, when he said that perhaps they might be trained to sufficient coolness to avoid this fatal error; but it is hard to believe that the discipline of the regular army could not be brought up to such a point as to enable the men to resist even the tempting facility of a breech-loading rifle. That the Duke does not altogether despair of such a result may be assumed from the fact that his own 50*l.* prize at Wimbledon is given for this class of weapons; and even if the advantages and disadvantages of rapid loading were as nicely balanced as has been supposed, the possibility of loading while lying under cover would, under many circumstances, give an immense superiority to a force armed with an efficient breech-loader. Yet there are many minor details in connexion with the cartridges and appliances of the weapon which would require the most careful examination before the pattern could be finally decided; and for the present the most impetuous reformers will do well to take the Duke's advice, and wait patiently for the result of the experiment which has been tried, of supplying breech-loaders to a few regiments for service in different parts of the world. The real mistake that has been committed was in not commencing such experiments many years ago, but it would be folly to try to make up for past delay by the precipitate adoption of an untried weapon. We are very glad to see, among the prizes given by the Association, one offered to gunmakers for the especial purpose of testing the military efficiency of different classes of breech-loaders. It is by the steady pursuit of experiments in actual service and at the target, that the difficulties in the way of the adoption of a breech-loading arm are likely to be got over much more effectually than by a hasty revolution in the Government factories; and this is probably all that was meant by the caution which the Duke of CAMBRIDGE so frankly gave to those who seemed bent on riding their hobby too fast.

Another point of scarcely less importance with reference to the improvement of military arms was unfortunately discussed

at the Association meeting in a less satisfactory fashion. It has long been noticed, and indeed might have been predicted, that the direction given to the ingenuity of rifle-makers depends almost entirely upon the Wimbledon by-laws. When the Council of the Association announce to what weapons their prizes shall be given, they are in effect prescribing the kind of rifle on which the gunmakers shall concentrate their attention for a year to come. While prizes are offered only for mere target weapons, the gunmakers will never manufacture anything else, and, apart from the experiments on breech-loaders, it is notorious that, since the foundation of the Association, no attempt has been made by any gunmaker to produce an improved class of military arm. The Council have, in their by-laws for the present year, recognised in principle the duty of encouraging the manufacture of something else besides the playthings which have hitherto carried off all their prizes; and with this view have judiciously established three classes of rifles which may be broadly designated as military rifles, match rifles, and telescope rifles. This arrangement was so sound in principle, that no disposition was shown by the meeting to criticize the details of the definitions which the Council had taken, with certain alterations, from the Report of the Rifle Conference. It was enough that gunmakers were once more to be encouraged to manufacture and improve good wholesome military weapons, and to be permitted also to construct the most perfect shooting instrument that the ingenuity of man can devise. Unfortunately, it was very easy to reduce this admirable by-law to a nullity. In order to encourage the production of useful weapons, it was needful not only to make a class for them, but to endow it, and it was pointed out at the meeting that the Council had carefully neutralized their apparent concession by giving their thousands of pounds to the favourite match rifle, and allotting to each of the two new classes one series of prizes beginning with 10*l.*, the aggregate value amounting in the one case to 25*l.* and in the other to 50*l.* The necessary consequence of this distribution of the funds will, of course, be that in all probability not a single rifle will be manufactured or purchased to compete in either of the two new classes, and weapons of the plaything order will still occupy all our gunmakers, to the exclusion of arms which would be serviceable in war. The impolicy of an apportionment of prize-money by which substantially the whole was given to the least meritorious rifle, and a mere nominal encouragement offered to the others, seems to have been warmly pressed on the Council, and to have been met by Lord ELCHO with a dexterity which would have done credit to a Prime Minister under an inconvenient interpellation. The proportion of the plaything prizes to the military prizes was so nearly like that of FALSTAFF's sack to his bread, that it might not have been easy to meet the objection, and the answer given was accordingly addressed with charming adroitness to a matter of detail of no importance at all—namely, whether the Council had, or had not, improved the classification which they borrowed; while on the main point, the unequal division of the prize fund, not a word of explanation was vouchsafed. Thus the question, which is one of serious moment—what sort of rifles our gunmakers shall be encouraged to produce—is postponed for another year, and a valuable by-law of the Association, which will, no doubt, at some future time lead to the improvement of the soldier's weapon, remains for the present a dead letter. Those who regard the Wimbledon contests in a more serious light than as mere competitive games will regret that this subject was not dealt with in the same frank spirit which the Duke of CAMBRIDGE imported into the kindred question of breech-loading arms, and which, we may add, His ROYAL HIGHNESS has, at every meeting of the Association, impressed upon those discussions in which he has taken a personal part. But the production of improved types of military arms is far too important a matter to be permanently excluded from discussion, and we have no doubt that sooner or later the Council will be brought to regard it as more essential even than the maintenance of their own claim to infallibility.

STREET NOISES.

IF there is a principle in the English police laws, it seems to be that everybody should do what is right in his own eyes, and that authority should only intervene in the last and most extreme emergency. No doubt, on the whole, this works better than a minute paternal despotism which interferes with private liberty at every turn. We are so averse, however, to codifying and prescribing accurately, to defining and classifying, that we draw our laws loosely, as though for the express purpose of raising disputes on their interpretation.

The execution—that is, the authoritative exposition—of the police laws is left, in practice, to the varying judgment of the magistrates of all the Police Courts. The consequence is that what is law at Bow Street is not law at Marylebone, and that what is prohibited in Whitechapel is permitted at Lambeth. It is true that the Home Office, which is the official guardian of the public peace, is entrusted with the power of revising, or at least examining, the decisions of the police authorities. But then the Home Secretary may be Sir GEORGE GREY, and he, as we learn from Mr. BABBAGE, does not even condescend to acknowledge any appeal lodged against the decisions at the Police Courts. We are led into these preliminary reflections on the character of the English police law by the proposed new legislation on the subject of what is, by a horrid mockery of language, called street music. Mr. BABBAGE—who, much to his credit, has sacrificed time, and money, and peace in endeavouring to abate this abominable nuisance—has just published a pamphlet, a fragment from a forthcoming autobiography, detailing the personal miseries and persecutions to which he has been subjected for a long series of years, and the obstructions which have been laid in his way, not only by the uncertainty of the law, but by the culpable remissness of those appointed to administer it. This pamphlet is written with great moderation and calmness. It simply states facts, but such facts as would almost lead us to welcome a despotism, however paternal, in exchange for that license of annoying your neighbour which is now accorded to the most idle and dissolute of mankind. We trust that, before the coming discussion of Mr. BASS's Bill, all Parliament men will make themselves acquainted with Mr. BABBAGE's publication. If they think to excuse themselves from a careful investigation of the whole subject, under the poor pretence that Mr. BABBAGE is crotchety, possessed with a monomania on the subject of organs, and a one-idead fanatic, and imagine that the question is to be disposed of by foolish quotations about the man who has not music in his soul, they will find themselves mistaken. Of course Sir GEORGE GREY will say that the existing law is sufficient. The *status quo* is Sir GEORGE GREY's one conviction, especially since things as they are mean Sir GEORGE GREY *en permanence*, slumbering in permanent and indefatigable inaction, the perpetual *roi faineant* of sleep-compelling Whitehall.

Our complaint is that, though there is law enough to stop every street nuisance, the authorities do not choose to enforce it. There is both the common law, and special statute. By the common law the streets are the King's highway—to use, but not to misuse. The streets afford a right of way to the public to walk in, drive in, and carry goods through; but further than this no private person has the use of a common right of way. The public has no more right to use the streets for musical performances than for dances and hockey and football. No doubt every street stall and barrow, every Punch, every Happy Family, every troupe of acrobats, every sturdy beggar, every band of frozen-out gardeners, every screamer of water-cresses and herrings, every street-walker, might be one and all put down by the common law as it now stands. But the worst of it is, that the law as it stands is administered with the grossest caprice, and at the discretion of the most incompetent of authorities. Policeman X is all wrath and fury at certain orange-girls, and deaf to a horridous German band; he can, just when he pleases, collar a small boy for tossing buttons, but he is blind to six one-armed and very fictitious sailors, who render day hideous by a long speech, shouted at the top of brazen lungs, and commencing with "Kyind Christian friends." It may be said that the law must occasionally wink, and that we cannot afford to act upon a strict interpretation of some police regulations. But if this be so, we must be at least prepared for occasionally reviewing the exact state of things. All public nuisances have a tendency, when put down, to spring up again unostentatiously. Some years ago we stopped street cries generally; we silenced the postman and the dustman and the muffinman. At least we thought that we had done so. But at this very moment there are thousands of street cries. From almost every street you may hear the echoes of the not distant costermonger; and it is the tendency of the police, not unnaturally, to give themselves as little trouble as possible, and only to act at all—and then as lazily and unconcernedly as possible—when compelled to act.

But, in addition to the common law, which might be used most effectively in abating the organ nuisance, there is a special enactment, 2 and 3 Victoria, cap. 47. This Act authorizes the police constables to remove street musicians, but only at the request of an inhabitant, on account of the illness of an inmate of a house, or for other reasonable cause. Of course this ambiguous phrase, "other reasonable cause," was introduced on

purpose to throw as many obstacles as possible in the way of stopping street noises; and the instructions given to the police constables, in the true spirit of the Act itself, do their utmost to protect the interesting savages with hurdy-gurdies and goat-skin bagpipes, who leave the Abruzzi for Saffron Hill for the musical instruction of our foggy land. Whenever any "other reasonable cause" is assigned by a distracted philosopher or a private citizen, in the form of studies interrupted, peace broken, personal hatred of a deafening noise, sheer vexation at the monotonous repetition of vulgar tunes, or the like, "the constable is not to remove the musicians, but report on the first opportunity"—which may be after the interval of six hours—"to his sergeant, or at the station, the cause stated" by the sufferer. "The constable is not to take any further steps without instructions from his superior officers. The superintendent or inspector on duty is to give directions, according to his discretion, as to the sufficiency of the cause alleged by the inhabitant. . . . Should the musicians continue to play after being required by the constable to depart, the constable is to ascertain their names and addresses." It is almost incredible that such nonsense should ever have been written down; but this interpretation of a statute which pretends to remove street musicians is that laid down by the police authorities, and of course sanctioned by the magistrates. We copy it from a return ordered by Parliament. What it amounts to is, of course, entire and perfect and unmolested immunity to the organ-grinders. Even in the last resource, to ascertain the address of half a dozen homeless and houseless vagabonds is a sheer mockery; but first you have to catch your constable, which is always half an hour's work. Then you have to submit your "reasonable cause" to the discretion of that most competent judge the sergeant, who may, of course, have a particular liking for the "Ratcatcher's Daughter" and "All round my Hat." In the meantime the sport goes on; the noise continues; the sergeant, "at his discretion," refuses to entertain your "reasonable cause," and you are a marked man for life. Your house is for ever laid under an interdict, but in the reverse way. A Papal interdict silenced the Church bells; but the police interdict awakens the organs, brass bands, fiddles, harps, harpichords, hurdy-gurdies, flageolets, bagpipes, accordions, tom-toms, trumpets, drums, dulcimers, and all kinds of music; and it is lucky for you if you are not even as Mr. BABBAGE, who can never walk the streets without being insulted, hooted, hustled, mobbed, and chased, whose windows are broken, who is pelted, reviled, and pestered with threatening letters by the organ-grinders and their patrons. These patrons, we are informed, are generally tavern-keepers, the proprietors of gin-shops, servants, boys, ladies of doubtful virtue, and those friends of decency and order who think it sport to vex and annoy their neighbours by malice, noise, and indecency.

The question ought to be settled in the most summary way. It lies in a nutshell. Law only exists to secure the greatest happiness to the greatest number. Somebody must yield something. Are those who dislike noise, and they are certainly the majority, to yield to those who like it? We make no doubt that there are people who really like hurdy-gurdies and barrel-organs. There was once a Common Councilman who rejoiced in the stench of Smithfield, and who could sniff with satisfaction the fragrant emanations of its gully-holes. What is true of stinks is true of noises. There may be neighbourhoods which enjoy evil odours. But would the curious in stench be permitted to burn bones and oil in the public streets under the pretence that they liked it? There is quite as much justification for the stink-compellers as for the noise-compellers. In either case it is only one of the five senses which is irritated and offended. We must make up our minds either not to interfere at all with what is, by a ghastly rillery, called street music, or we must interfere effectually. And we can only interfere effectually by total and absolute prohibition. The police must be required to interfere, not merely at the request of any aggrieved householder, but on their own mere motion. It must be made illegal to sing, or to play any instrument, with the exception of military bands, in the public streets; and the police must be required, as Mr. BABBAGE suggests—not permitted—to confiscate the instruments. So we shall get rid, not only of the filthy Italian refugees, but of a class infinitely more vile—their *padrones* and importers. And if it is alleged that this is a tyrannical interference with legitimate tastes, we can only say that the taste of the insane and the fool must yield to the taste of the sane and the wise. "I was once asked," says Mr. BABBAGE, "by an astute and 'sarcastic magistrate, whether I seriously believed that a

"man's brain would be injured by listening to an organ; my reply was 'certainly not,' for the obvious reason that no man having brain ever listened to street musicians."

WOUNDED FAWNS.

IN his last story, Mr. Trollope has undertaken to paint the sorrows of a young lady whose lover has jilted her. She is called a "Wounded Fawn," and the name very aptly describes both the extent and the nature of her sufferings. She feels wounded to the heart by the evil thing that has come upon her, and she also feels the smart of little things—the annoyance of receiving pity, and the shame of such publicity as she has acquired in her little circle. The picture is a vivid and, we should imagine, a true one, and the interest of the story lies, to a large extent, in this description of a suffering girl. She is otherwise an ordinary amiable creature, but when a great misfortune wrings her soul it is found that she can suffer. Her misery does not exude in exclamations, or melt away in tears. She endures bravely, tries to bear up, wishes to do her duty, and even makes a vain effort to be cheerful. But she suffers intensely, and Mr. Trollope knows quite enough of women and men to understand that this capacity of suffering is one of the characteristics which most divide mankind. The power of feeling deeply is a power that leads in this world to a little joy, and to great and sometimes awful suffering, but it gives its possessor that stamp of superiority which nothing else can give. It is a precious and a very rare gift. The run of mankind feel very slightly, and, if they could honestly measure themselves by the standard of those who have felt strongly, they might soon learn how light their own sufferings are. In the Book of Psalms, for example, there are expressions constantly used which evidently came from the heart and embodied the natural and unbidden feelings of those who sang or wrote, but which take the usual modern reader into a world of which he has no personal knowledge. With a vague admiration and sympathy he reads these outpourings of spiritual agony, and he has a general sensation that it is the very intensity of this agony that gives it its character and its value. But unless he is blinded by vanity, or utterly obtuse, he must own to himself that agony like this is far removed from the range of feeling to which he can pretend. Partly, perhaps, this capacity of suffering may be physical. The brain may be more sensitive, the circulation more irregular or quick, the nerves more finely strung. But this may be said of almost all that is great in man. The soul is not independent of the body, and people are what they are because they are so made. The power of feeling deeply remains a peculiar possession. Most girls who lose their lovers are scarcely to be called Wounded Fawns. They are very wretched, but they are not like Lily Dale. They cry and fret, and life seems a burden to them, but they catch easily at any consolation, and consolations come with tolerable certainty to those who are eager to be consoled. And they are much helped to this by the kind assistance of the world, which hates deep and protracted feeling. A young lady in distress will find plenty of kind friends who will strive to impress on her that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, that her misery will soon pass away, and then she can soon be on with somebody else. If she cannot believe this, they ask her to trust their experience. They know that these sort of things always blow over, and they can find plenty of reasons to show her why her loss is not nearly so great as she thinks. If necessary, they scold her a little; and so, by a judicious mixture of the sweet and the bitter, they strive to bring her round.

In many cases this treatment is quite successful. As ordinary people feel slightly, and shrink from feeling more strongly than they are wont, a jilted girl is often willing to dry up her tears as soon as she is convinced that she is not ridiculous. Comfort is the medium by which afflicted people regain the footing in daily life which they are longing to regain. Job's comforters have gained a name that is proverbial, but Job's comforters only failed because they tried to comfort Job. Their comfort was very fair businesslike comfort in its way, but it happened to be applied in a case where the capacity for feeling was great, and where the problems which great suffering awakes had seized hold of a reflective mind. But then Job is, on some occasions, held up as an example, or, at any rate, he produces the impression of having been superior to his comforters. Lily Dale touches the hearts of many readers much more than she would if she could see how desirable it was that she should keep the door open for another lover, and had been instantaneously alive to the impropriety of remembering Crosbie after he had married another woman. Deep feeling is an ideal to which the world knows that it ought to aspire; and in real life feeling may be to a great extent cultivated, and, so far as it can be cultivated without insincerity, it is of the utmost gain to cultivate it. By reflection—by thinking over all the goodness and sweetness, all the long-suffering and nobleness and gentleness, of those who are dear to us—by turning an open ear to the calls of reverential and solemn emotion, by expressing feeling in slight actions, and by controlling words that would turn the opportunity of feeling away, there can be no doubt that depth of feeling may be cultivated, and that to cultivate it is one of the greatest gains to humanity. But it will not do to go too far. Common sense will not bear too violent a strain, and there is a bad and foolish cultivation of feeling as well as a good. Common sense cannot cease to be common sense because it sees that there is a depth of feeling beyond its reach;

and common sense discovers that in a large portion of deep feeling there is something exaggerated and, in a measure, absurd. Wounded Fawns are not apt to be perfectly wise. There was much that was exaggerated and unreasonable in the grief of Lily Dale. A girl may think that, because a lover who has deserted her used to kiss her to their mutual satisfaction, she is bound to him for ever; but the truth of the matter is that she is not bound. The facts of life are one way, and her feelings and opinions and assumptions are the other. The novelist very properly paints her with this exaggeration, for he sets himself to paint a girl with deep feeling, and exaggeration and deep feeling go naturally, though not invariably together. But ordinary people are not novelists. They have not to describe or realize a particular phase of passion, but themselves to be of one character or another, to do this or that particular thing. When their common sense shows them the exaggeration that goes with deep feeling, they cannot shut their eyes to it. Or, if they do, they pay the heavy penalty of becoming sentimental; for sentimentalism is nothing but the aspiration—sometimes honest, sometimes consciously insincere—of ordinary common sense people to have feelings deeper than they possess. In particular states of society, like that which prevailed in Europe at the end of the eighteenth century, it may become a fashion to provoke and foster this play of sham feeling; and the feeling which is thus stimulated by an excitement pervading large masses of people is not hollow or impotent at first. Sentimentalism may easily quicken sensibility. But common sense and the lower nature of man soon quench any feeling that is not profound, and society grows sick of being sentimental. A time comes when even the ghost of feeling has departed, and nothing remains but sentimental talk, and a flux of foolish words. The sooner common sense sweeps away this remnant the better.

There are, again, gentle and tender souls who can feel deeply for the woes of others, and as there is very little danger that people should feel too much for others, sympathy can scarcely be too much cultivated. When sympathy, however, takes the form of feeling for the misery of individuals whom we personally know, and of whose sufferings we can form a distinct conception, it is admirable but not wonderful. What is wonderful is the capacity which some minds have of feeling for the sufferings of classes. They can even sometimes, though we should think rarely, feel when these evils are of a purely literary kind, and when classes suffer from nothing but attacks on paper. They have a power of looking at classes solely through such individuals belonging to those classes as they may happen to know. Supposing a country doctor or a dentist or a dancing-master is said to have a laborious and not very agreeable profession, they have no notion of asking whether this is true or not of these classes of persons in general, but they fly at once to individuals. They say that they know a country doctor who has such a very nice wife, or that their dentist is a singularly well-read man, and has lately gone to the sea for his health, or that the dancing-master whom they employ is a French gentleman in decay. If women are criticized, they feel sure that somehow the blow is meant to fall specially on their particular friends, for we scarcely think that any man could be in this state of mind and have this tender feminine compassion for whole classes of people. If governesses are described, and the difficulties they cause are treated as a set-off against the sensation novels in which the governess is always a divine, sweet, gushing, lady-like being, cruelly treated by a brutal mistress, and trodden under foot by the whole of a vulgar, insolent household, they are in arms for governesses at once, and tell apposite stories of this and that governess whom they have known and whom they have always understood to be a treasure. There would be something jocose in this sensitiveness if it were not so sincere and akin to so much that is beautiful. It could scarcely be found except in persons of deep and wide family affections, who have learnt the habit of loving, who feel for each member of their group, and strive daily to spare annoyances and give pleasure to those around them. Accustomed in this way to study and consider individuals and to cultivate quickness of feeling, dependent on others having feelings to answer to their own, and viewing all the events of daily life according as they bear on the fortunes or happiness of those whom they love, they instinctively measure every general remark they read, and judge of the treatment of every class, by an immediate reference to the pain or pleasure which they imagine that some particular person they know will feel. They are guided by their family habits, and just as they find a harsh word or a reckless allusion will cause disquiet and gloom in their own circle, they presume that remarks affecting a class will wound, if not the class as a whole, yet all the people belonging to it whom they happen to know. It must be acknowledged that there is the beauty of extreme kindness in all this, and those who are "Wounded Fawns" for the sake of classes of persons unkindly spoken of in print must have a nature singularly affectionate and sweet. Nor ought critics to be wholly indifferent to the feelings which these dear "Wounded Fawns" express; and although they can scarcely forbear to make remarks on classes because some persons, or the friends of some persons, belonging to those classes might feel pained by what was said, they may at least say a kind word for classes when a kind word comes naturally, and thus sprinkle a little balm over the wounds they have made.

But here, again, common sense comes in and bids us remember the facts of life, and prompts us to decline to be guided too far by these amiable and sensitive people. Fortunately, men and women, as a rule, do not much object to being attacked in classes. They feel exceedingly when they are attacked personally, when their

acts are criticized, their speeches commented on, or their books examined in a candid and contemplative way. But they do not much mind a general sketch of English statesmen although it may be unfavourable, a depreciating estimate of English eloquence, or a lamentation over the present state of English literature. A country doctor does not mind reading that country doctors lead laborious and disagreeable lives without much social reputation to compensate for it, although, if this were said to a particular man of himself by word of mouth, he might be reasonably offended. A successful dentist knows perfectly well that he is ordinarily considered to be making money in a way that is not very poetical, but he cares very little if he reads this in print. He equally makes money whatever is said of him, equally prides himself on his elegant drawing-room, equally enjoys his Sundays at the best and dearest Brighton hotel, and equally, if he is a man of cultivation, delights in his books, his portfolio, or his musical instrument. Governesses, as a rule, have something much more serious and practical to think of than the general question whether they should be described as the heroines of novels, or as capable of being a dead weight on a family party. But even if individuals felt more keenly what was said of the classes to which they belong, that would be no reason for speaking of classes too gently. If it were not for a little plain speaking, the world would get into a very namby-pamby state. It must be remembered that if classes are run down they are also run up, and it has become a sort of trade in these days to run them up. There is always somebody to hold a meeting, or write a pamphlet, or make some demonstration or other to assure each set of people in turn that they are much grander and finer than is generally thought. Sometimes, perhaps, it may be advantageous that what can be said for a class or a set should be said. For example, it was desirable that the difficulties which a governess has to encounter, the treatment she sometimes has to bear, and the insults to which, however rarely, she is occasionally exposed, should be brought to the general notice, in order that a better public feeling on the point might be established, and the fear of shame might induce employers to be more just and generous. Soon, however, the era of exaggeration about governesses set in. They were told they were heroines, martyrs, and generally speaking sublime and misunderstood. Critics would not have done their duty if they had not protested against this; nor is it disputable that, by recalling society to a recollection of the facts of the case, they may often have conferred a real benefit on individuals. It by no means conduces to the happiness of any particular governess that she should think herself a heroine and a martyr, simply because she is a governess. She would be merely taking a very false and distorted view of her position if this was the state of opinion that was encouraged in her. She would find a friend in any one who would remind her that much was to be said on the other side; that she was often a bore as well as a victim; that governesses are necessarily invaders of domestic tranquillity and unity in many families, not because they wish to cause annoyance, but because they are strangers, and strangers belonging ordinarily to a different class, with different habits, associations, and connexions. This must be so in the majority of cases, and although both parties may do much, by good sense and kindness, to smooth over the unavoidable unpleasantnesses which these relations engender, it cannot conduce to the happiness of the parties that the goodness and the suffering should be supposed to be all on one side. But the critics who wish to say this must say it strongly, in order to say it effectively. Wounded Fawns are smitten in their affectionate hearts because they do not think that critics tell the whole truth—because writers wound without pouring in oil and wine, and say what they have to say as effectively as they can. But gentle admonition, doing justice to everybody at once, is the duty of such people as mothers, and clergymen, and godfathers; and, if critics tried to enter the list, they would simply abandon their vocation.

THE VIRTUE OF TRUTH.

TWO or three discussions, the details of which lie out of our track, or have been noticed in other parts of our paper, have lately raised in different forms the question how far, and in what sense, truth is a virtue. Of Cardinal Wiseman and his Pastoral we have said enough elsewhere. Dr. Newman's singular duel with Mr. Kingsley is still dragging itself along, to the amusement and occasional instruction of all beholders. It is no business of ours to search into the consciences of the eleven thousand clergymen who informed the Archbishop of Canterbury the other day that, in their opinion, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had made a mistake; but all these, and some other recent occurrences which might be mentioned, lead one to ask what the parties concerned think of truth. Every one resists the imputation of throwing the least doubt upon the proposition that truth is a virtue. Dr. Newman is stung to the quick by the suggestion that he is not an honest man. He feels that it would destroy his influence if it were proved, and that it would be the one stain on his honour which nothing could wash out. It is the same with every one else. The Archbishop's eleven thousand visitors all suppose that they would rather be exposed to any suffering than save themselves by a deliberate lie, and many are perfectly correct in the supposition; and Cardinal Wiseman and his followers are sure to repudiate with intense indignation the charge of having garbled Garibaldi's address. And yet Dr. Newman does believe in the most wonderful miracles. The

eleven thousand clergy unite in an assertion which is either an equivocation of the most misleading kind, or else an assertion which many of them cannot seriously intend to make. Cardinal Wiseman does take a line about science which differs only in phrase and style (and the difference is not in favour of the Cardinal) from the passionate appeals of an Old Bailey or Middlesex Sessions orator to a British jury not to convict a man who calls a dozen respectable witnesses to his character, merely because a few scientific detectives have found somebody else's plate buried in odd corners of his cellar, and have traced his footmarks to the place where it was stolen. Why is this? How is it that so many and such respectable and virtuous people consider lying so wicked, and yet care so little for truth on a large scale? The reason may perhaps be thrown into the shape of a sermon which we will suppose to be delivered by some preacher, no matter of what denomination, who finds a difficulty in adjusting the claims of faith and reason. The preacher would probably express himself somewhat as follows:—"In addressing you on the subject of truth, I feel that I am treading on delicate ground. There are difficulties, on all hands, which for centuries have perplexed the wisest. That it is a sin to lie, no one doubts. That in some particular points it is a sin to doubt, is equally or even more certain. That facts are sometimes plausibly alleged to be true which tend to cast a doubt on these points, or at least appear to do so, is equally well established; and the question is, how are the general public to act when such a state of things is shown to exist? You will be saved from much embarrassment upon the subject if you succeed in getting one leading distinction firmly established in your minds. It may not be easy to carry it out in all its details, or to state with perfectly satisfactory completeness the theory of which it forms a part, but some of its leading features are sufficiently plain, and may be easily explained. The theory in question is founded upon the vast difference which exists between telling the truth in the common intercourse of life, and knowing what happens, in point of fact, to be true. The one is unquestionably a duty, the other is a mere accident. No doubt you are bound in the strongest way not to deceive your neighbour. Honesty, for obvious reasons, forbids you to do so; but it is one thing to do this, and quite another to be limited, superficial, or inaccurate in your own knowledge. Every one is so, and indeed must be so, more or less. Omniscience is not possible to human creatures, and so long as we fall short of omniscience we must, upon some points more or less numerous and important, be subject to ignorance. There is nothing morally wrong in being mistaken. Error is one thing, and deceit another, and perfect truth and honesty is compatible with a degree of simplicity which may perhaps be stigmatized as infantile. A child of seven years old may be as honest as a grown-up man or woman, though it is ready to believe whatever you please to tell it, and though its imagination is so much more active than its reason that it sees no particular ground for doubting the truth of fairy tales and ghost stories. Not only is such a disposition not vicious, but in many respects it is highly favourable to the highest form of virtue. The childlike, teachable disposition is far more open to good impressions than the hard-headed and sceptical turn of mind which is acquired by long experience of life, and which appears to be necessary for success in its rough pursuits. Yet if by truth you understand, not the opposite of deceit, but correctness of thought upon a variety of subjects, there can be no doubt that the temper of mind in question has less to do with it than the stirring self-sufficiency which makes all the disturbances and leads to all the troublesome controversies with which the world is so much distracted. Truthfulness is a moral virtue. The obligation to tell the truth arises from the fact that it is one branch of the general command not to injure your neighbour, and to lead him astray is one way of doing so; but we are under no definite obligation to acquire knowledge. The passion for doing so is essentially self-regarding, and may, like any other passion, be immoderately indulged. You are all acquainted with the evils which are the natural result of an immoderate indulgence in it, and I need not insist upon them."

Such is the view, more or less distinctly held, which a large proportion of the clergy of all denominations are apt to take on the subject of telling the truth. They are apt to regard it as something essentially distinct from the habit of investigating into facts—as one amongst many duties which people owe to each other in ordinary life, and which must be considered to be important in proportion to the gravity of the consequences which may accrue from a violation of it, or the circumstances with which it is connected. The extreme form of this view of the subject is to be found in those theories upon the duty of truthfulness which are maintained in casuistical writings, and which accurately distinguish between the cases in which a lie is a venial and those in which it is a mortal sin—between the guilt of a lie pure and simple and a lie under the sanction of an oath. It is not confined to any one form of religious belief, but it has a far greater affinity to Popery than to Protestantism, and might probably without much injustice be described as the clerical, or emphatically as the Roman Catholic, view of lying.

The Protestant or scientific view of the nature of truth is broadly distinguished from this, and appears to be connected with a far sounder and more philosophical estimate of morality than that which regards it as a mere collection of rules enforced by penalties. If men are viewed not merely as beings who are capable of being punished for breaking through a particular set of prohibitions, but as beings who have it in their power

to improve the condition in which they live, to strengthen their faculties, to enlarge their whole sphere of action, and, in a word, to put out to interest a vast variety of talents of different kinds and degrees, truth will be something very much wider and deeper than a mere absence of the injury inflicted by deceit, just as goodness will be something altogether different from mere innocence. The importance of truthfulness, and the breadth of the way in which it is conceived, depend to a great extent upon the degree in which activity is included in our conception of morality. If people are to act at all, they must act upon things as they are, not upon things as they are not. But all action is guided by thought, and all successful action is guided by true thought—by thought which corresponds with facts, instead of diverging from them. Hence, in proportion to the degree in which our ideal of goodness is active, truth will come to be not a virtue, but the virtue—a thing needful, not on particular occasions in order to avoid particular frauds or injuries, but always and in all pursuits as an indispensable element of that success which it is the great object of life to achieve. Let people once get their minds saturated with the leading belief that they are put into the world to make the best of themselves in various directions, that every honest calling is a sacred thing to be honoured and respected as part of a vast general dispensation of which all men ought to promote the objects each in his own sphere, and truth will be viewed as the highest, the most universal, and the most entire of all obligations. Every deviation from it once admitted into the general scheme of things becomes a constant source of failure and confusion, like a mistake in a sum till it is set to rights. For instance, a legislator deviates from truth by misconceiving the object for which a law ought to be made, and he makes his law wrong. His mistake will repeat itself in a thousand ways, and will vex that part of mankind who are affected by it for centuries, it may be, but certainly as often as the law is put in force and until it is corrected. According to this view, there is the closest possible relation between error and falsehood. In fact, there is no difference between them, except that the one is wilful and malicious, and not the other; and the guilt of lying consists mainly in the fact that the liar is consciously and expressly faithless to the great object of life—namely, the general improvement of the human race, to which truth is as necessary as oxygen to the circulation of the blood. Dr. Newman tells us that, according to the morality of his present creed, an impure wish is a much worse thing than a lie. This is a natural consequence from his general view of morality. For well-known reasons, his teachers view with a semi-Manichean horror every concession to the animal nature even if it begins and ends in the mind of the individual who makes it. A Protestant would say that the one offence differs from the other as wasting a sovereign differs from putting a bad sovereign in circulation. In the first case, the owner suffers for his weakness. In the second, he is accessory to the robbery of as many people as pass the coin to each other before it is finally nailed to the counter.

Perhaps no one has seized so fully this broad view of truth as Mr. Carlyle. The conception of it which we have been trying to describe is that which is to be found in nearly every one of his writings. Every part of his *Life of Frederick the Great*, even those chapters which record his occasional falsehoods, are full of praise of his hero's "veracity"—that is, of his power of seeing things as they really were, and of his consciousness that error and delusion, however seductive, never come to good. This may appear to superficial observation a small and obvious thing, but in reality Mr. Carlyle is perfectly right in viewing it as one of the rarest and highest of all intellectual gifts, and as intimately connected with all personal virtues. The duties of the intellect are as severe and fully as important as the duties which more immediately relate to the passions, and they are active as well as passive, and indissolubly connected together. No one will long continue to speak the truth unless he habitually thinks the truth, nor will he be able to do this unless he keeps his mind in vigorous and healthy exercise.

LETTERS.

IT becomes a question whether future biographers will not have to dispense with that volume of letters which formerly, and indeed till lately, formed so important a part of the remains of the great, popular, or distinguished departed. Will there ever again be published either the letters of Mr. So-and-So, or a correspondence between friends with those headings, "From the Same to the Same," which used to try the patience of the peeping or skipping reader? It is a point on which experiences probably differ, but our impression is that men have left off letter-writing as a pursuit, as an art, as a practice. They write letters when it is necessary to do so—when they have something positive to say—but they do not correspond with one another; at least so we suspect, though possibly we may be mistaken. The fact, if it be a fact, is matter for regret. For something is surely lost to the world if our clever men have left off writing to one another, and exclusively address the world at large, which it is our view of the case that they do. Letters of a highly intellectual cast may perhaps have filled only a temporary social need. We want something as a substitute for personal intercourse; and letters, under a certain passing state of things, exactly supplied this need. They took the place of conversation and were the best medium for news—the news of the world and of the day. Certain conditions were necessary for letter-writing of the highest cast, without

which letter-writing, according to our ideas, could not exist. The infinite formality and crabbedness of the fifteenth and sixteenth century letters, even those of the cunningest penmen of the day, show that these conditions had not then been reached—that people had not then caught the idea of a letter. Southey, writing of his own day in contrast with past centuries, considered that letters had become one of the greatest pleasures and amusements of life, "perhaps the greatest gratification which the progress of civilization has given us"; and he boasted that "now (in his time) a mail-coach could waft a sigh across the country at the rate of eight miles an hour." This mail-coach speed, and a high rate of postage charged exactly by distance, were probably the precise conditions required for the choicest epistolary excellence. There is no possible social gain without social loss; we cannot retain the old with the new. Railways and the penny post have brought with them an amount and complication of change which could scarcely fail to upset the nice adjustment that had directed the general mind in one particular channel. Distance has lost the old ideas attached to it; the press has developed into an ubiquitous, all-absorbing power, and even fills the letter-bag.

It was not possible but that the habit of letter-writing should be greatly influenced by such radical changes. At first sight, the facilities for correspondence were indefinitely increased. It was easier than ever to write letters, in that pecuniary scruples were removed; but it was also easier and cheaper to do many other things. When we think of all celebrated correspondences and distinguished letter-writers, we feel that the present state of things would have interfered with each and all of them, if not rendered them impossible. In the first place, no really good letter ever was or will be written but it must certainly have been one main intellectual effort of the day on which it was penned. It does not matter how intimate and easy the tone, and seemingly careless the style; if it is forcible, bright, telling, interesting, it has cost the writer effort, and taken something out of him. In the days we speak of, it was worth while to bestow this pains; no labour was wasted. The letter was certain to be honourably received; it was not likely to be jostled by a dozen others; it might reckon on not being forestalled in its news; and there was no other claimant for the freshness of the receiver's attention. But who can say this of any letter of mere friendship, apart from pressing personal interests, when the *Times* travels along with it and lies on the same breakfast-table? When men made a business of letter-writing, a newspaper did not necessarily contain news to a man of the world. Horace Walpole stands pre-eminent in all time for the number and the felicity of his letters, but, with the press for his rival, his occupation would have been gone. Not that papers and reviews say what he would have said, but they would have taken the heart and spirit out of his work. He would not have cared to criticize a book unless he knew that his opinion was paramount with his friend, or to tell the events of the day unless he was certain to be first with his story. As it was, he sustained for a long series of years a dozen or more distinct correspondences, each varying in tone and style. Of one correspondent—Sir Horace Man—he asks, "What Orestes and Pylades ever wrote to each other for four and forty years without once meeting?" to which our argument adds—what pair of friends ever will do so again? No gifted man lives now to write letters—to accept letter-writing as his mission, and make all other occupations and engagements bow to it. The medium through which we are expressing our own thoughts answers very much, for the world at large, to what these letters, with their varied interests and stream of thought, knowledge of the world and of men, play and earnest, were to his particular friends. Before Walpole's day the wits were feeling their way into the real province of letter-writing, but had not reached it. They wrote in lofty recognition of themselves and each other as the intellectual quintessence of their time, but even less than Walpole would Pope, Swift, and the rest have written letters if the press had then attained its present wings. They were secretly willing, nay anxious, that the world should share their thoughts, but they acknowledged each other as the only suitable medium for expressing them. It had not yet occurred to men to take the public into direct confidence—a modern impulse which is another blow to ideal letter-writing.

As no one can escape the influences of his age, even the cordial, intimate, sincere correspondence between Gray and his friends owes much of its merit and charm to the reticence of feeling towards the outer world which was the habit of the time. Gray may be said to have introduced the easy style of letter-writing. He amused himself with the pomposity that prevailed in the "beginnings" of his contemporaries. Indeed, his biographer thought proper to reduce his opening sentences—very graceful in their playfulness—to measured formality, lest the feelings of old-fashioned readers should receive too rude a shock. But some counter attraction would still have interposed itself, had he been of our day, to stop the particular and exclusive interchange of thought. He would not have written so much to Mason, and probably he would have written more for the world. His criticism would not have been content with one auditor, however deferential; his exquisite descriptions of scenery, and of its effect upon himself, would have appealed to a wider sympathy. Even that choice humour which gains so much by the confidence to which we are admitted could not now be limited to one or two friends, however congenial. In the domestic and religious world, again, there was a certain leisure in those times which made letter-writing a more natural vehicle of expression than we find it now.

We should like to know what part of the day a "good man" now can devote to letters of friendship. Not but that some still find letters a natural employment, but the practice requires two to be in the same mind, and a pair of letter-writers can hardly be looked for in one circle. Thus Cowper, had he lived amongst us, would not have found anything that he liked better to do than letter-writing; he would not have craved a larger sphere, or grudged the time to his friends; but he would have lacked encouragement, and would have been driven—as, from different causes, other men so often are—to write to women. This is what Sydney Smith did. Letters were quite an important engine with him. They helped to maintain him in the social position to which his wit had lifted him; and whenever a neat turn or happy fancy occurred to him, he wrote it off to Lady Grey, or Lady Holland, or the Hon. Mrs. So-and-so, from whom he might expect an answer.

Lord Byron's letters were thought a great deal of, but the best of them were not letters at all in any private sense. He intended a great many people to see them, and they were public in all but their form. His publisher had leave to show these "bulletins and manifestoes" to the initiated. There was a gathering at Murray's when it was known he had heard from Byron, and through him were propagated threats to adverse critics of a return to the youthful mode of attack. "They may smile now, and so may you, but if I took you all in hand it would not be difficult to cut you up like gourds." Clearly such letters as these would not be written now. Had he lived in our days, the poet would have had his especial organ; he would have cut up his critics and his acquaintances in type, and, for the sake of a larger audience, would have dispensed with the veil of privacy which no doubt added a piquancy to some of his portraits of his friends. We do not believe that Byron's correspondence, had he lived in our time, would have expressed the whole man as it did then. He would have written direct to the world in some way, without the intervention of Moore and Murray. Walter Scott's life revealed almost as genial a correspondence as the world knows, and, as the work of a man whose mind was kept actively engaged in direct literary labours, it is, we should suppose, unparalleled. One would think that a warm heart and perfect facility like his must always fall into letter-writing; and, in fact, he was one of the few persons whom we can imagine uninfluenced to any great extent by times and general habits, though here, again, the lapse of forty or fifty years would tend to diminish very materially the amount of correspondence expressive of the writer. It was a blind deference to custom which led Professor Wilson's biographer to insert so many of his letters—a custom which a few more such examples must certainly explode. He was a man by nature without privacy. There was never any reason why he should say what he had to say to an individual rather than to the public; and so far, perhaps, he anticipated our day, and illustrates our view of the radical change that has come over the world in this respect. The mention of Wilson, however, reminds us of some letters in his life which were of a different order. Lockhart's letters were of the good old type. He honoured his correspondent with the vigour and force of his mind, without any ulterior views of a larger audience. He was an editor, and we are not sure that the position of editor does not still offer a refuge for the failing, waning faculty. There are many reasons why it should be so. The editor must be on his mettle, must maintain the ascendancy due to varied knowledge, and must keep his staff in good humour with him and with themselves; but perhaps the chief reason is that letter-writing is his work, and the fatal notion of wasting time does not obtrude itself as it does so constantly when active minds find themselves bestowing their time on an individual, a mere unit, instead of employing it for the benefit of the whole world present and future.

But, not to dwell on that conceit of the value of our labours which belongs to the present age, the general amount of intellectual toil in other and new directions implies, indeed compels, some diminution in this quarter. Letters are the fruit of leisure. We suspect that most men, after toiling hard at literary task-work, are indisposed for anything so voluntary as a friendly letter which may as well be written to-morrow. If they write, it is by a sort of moral compulsion, damaging to style and interest. There is, of course, a certain relief in indifference to periods and to exact balance of clauses; but a good letter is a labour of love, unconscious of exemptions. The writer has delighted in doing his best; the pen has flowed rapidly, but taste has kept pace with it; and there is a particular graceful negligence of expression, to be found nowhere but in good letters, which more than any other style gives the assurance of a gentleman.

Our subject, of course, is confined to voluntary letter-writing, the conversational intercourse of friends through the post, and has nothing to do with those letters—from a mere letter of business to a despatch—which a man's position and duties require him to write. The letters which get men fame are something over and above all this. They are superfluities which need not be undertaken unless inclination on the whole goes that way—compacts of friendship for a stated interchange of ideas, which scholars and gentlemen of the old school even within our own experience have carried through with unflinching spirit and perseverance, but which it does not fall in our way to hear of now. Our view, again, does not interfere with certain fits and visitations of letter-writing which influence most people at one time or other, in the temporary enthusiasm of a common cause, when it is themselves and their friends against the world, though this is a taste of the same exclusiveness and spirit of clique which had so much to do with the habit as a characteristic of a former generation.

The less artificial class of letter-writers have probably at no time troubled themselves much about the preservation of their letters, yet an understanding that letters are kept must lead materially to a more painstaking composition of them. At a time when men were reflected upon for neglecting or destroying the letters of a distinguished correspondent, a certain care in composition was felt to be indispensable. On the other hand, we know nothing so damaging to the epistolary art—not even leaving letters about, a temptation to the supposed curiosity of servants—as the habit which some persons indulge in, after glancing through a letter of news, of crushing the crisp paper scored by a friendly hand into a ball and chucking it, before assembled eyes, into the fire. A decent interval ought to elapse between reading and destruction. Of course it is impossible now to keep all the effusions of the post; we know that most letters that come to us, we assume that all we write, must be destroyed; but—like the disappearance of those other winged messengers, the small birds—the death of a letter should be solitary and secret, a mystery and a regret.

All we have said applies only to men. No one can say that women have left off letter-writing, or that they show diminished energy in this department of labour; but the mode in which change has affected style and matter is too wide a subject to be appended to any other, and must be reserved for separate discussion.

THE HILL TRIBES OF EPSOM.

PEOPLE who go to the Derby may in a rough way be divided into two grand classes—those to whom it is an "event," and those to whom it is a festival; or, in other words, those who "attend" the Derby, and those who "keep" it. To the former it is much as other events in the sporting year, except that there are more horses in, a great deal more money on, and consequently, from a speculative point of view, rather more interest attached to it than to other races. But by the others it is regarded with feelings far less tinged with materialism. To them the Derby is a kind of Christmas, with the happy accident of falling in early summer, and being spent at Epsom. They remember the Derby day to keep it holy. On all other days—the Oaks day, the Ascot, Goodwood, or Chester Cup day—they make no scruple to go about their usual business; but the Derby day is the Derby, and on it they do no manner of work, unless the digestion of lobster salad can be held to deserve that title. On the Downs, the long green lane that runs past the Grand Stand up to Tottenham Corner may be considered to be generally the line which divides these two races. In the Stand district on the left, the great bulk of the population attends the Derby, while on the Hill opposite it is, as a general rule, kept. The two peoples, however, mix freely with one another, especially immediately after the great race, when the Standites flock across the course and mingle with the Hill tribes, just as the English rushed across the Channel after Waterloo, and spread themselves over the Continent. The Hill country has its charms for these practical people. It is a region whose heights are crowned with cool groves of salad and picturesque pies; frequent fountains of champagne and rills of sherry cheer the thirsty traveller; and its highlanders are a hospitable race, with the soundest views about refreshment. They are, indeed, like most other races similarly favoured by physical geography, a far more interesting and unsophisticated people than their neighbours. Their amusements show the general simplicity of their character, and they exhibit that passion for martial exercises, and feats of strength and dexterity, for which mountaineers have been always celebrated. They practise rifle-shooting and archery with the devotion of the Tyrolese or the men of Uri; the suffering features of Aunt Sally attest the vigour of their arms, and their little ones at home revel in a profusion of dolls and china dogs won at knock-'em-downs. The music they delight in is of a wild and fitful character, and the encouragement they give to gipsy fortune-tellers induces a belief that they are not free from that superstition which Mr. Buckle attributes to all inhabitants of elevated regions.

To the immigrant from the other side of the course the Hill suggests only one difficulty. Seeing that to the majority of its occupants the real business of the day is a matter of little or no importance; that win who may—Mr. Merry, or Lord Glasgow, or Lord Stamford—their appetites for luncheon will be just the same; that they don't care a straw whether the favourite or some rank outsider comes in first, and perhaps in some cases don't even know which is the favourite, it puzzles him rather to understand what it is they come for. But to the traveller of a more widely speculative mind interesting questions arise at every turn. What sort of recreations, for instance, had the Derby-goers of forty or fifty years back? Many, no doubt, were very much like what we still see. Vagrant instrumental music, though subject to modification as science advances, is essentially the same in all ages, and gipsy soothsayers are at least as old as Mr. Spectator and Sir Roger de Coverley. But it requires an effort of imagination to picture a Derby without niggers. And yet, strange as it now seems, such was the state of things only twenty years ago, of so recent date is the discovery of the vocal and humorous properties of the negro race. Aunt Sallies, again, are altogether things of these latter days, yet how completely they have established themselves as part and parcel of the Derby festivity! The origin of Aunt Sally, too, though a matter of yesterday, is involved in the deepest obscurity. In the suddenness of its rise and the rapidity of its spread, Mormonism is to

some extent an analogous institution, but there is no prophet Smith to whom we can trace the worship of Aunt Sally. It sprang up in the night as it were; rows of graven images appeared suddenly among us, with bands of votaries performing the rite with as much gravity as if it had come down to us from the time of the Druids. Indeed this, it has been said, was the idea which the Japanese ambassadors carried away. They were aware that, among those other and nearer barbarians, the Chinese, a practice obtained of severely thrashing the divinity Joss whenever the course of events was not perfectly satisfactory; and when they saw a number of gentlemen assailing with savage earnestness of purpose a hideous black idol, they not unnaturally set them down as disappointed Daimios endeavouring to coerce a refractory local deity. The only attempt at a theory about Aunt Sally that we have ever heard is that the pastime is the invention of an extreme anti-abolitionist. The title "Aunt Sally" has been obviously suggested by "Uncle Tom," and the supposition is that the image is meant to be a libellous effigy of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, with her complexion altered so as slyly to indicate her sympathies.

Then, again, there is another question which will force itself upon the mind. What becomes of all these sights and sounds, shows and entertainments, for the rest of the year? There are many, of course, we can account for. Organs abound to an extent which suggests that, for at least this one day, the "quiet" streets are undisturbed, and, amid the turmoil of the Epsom Downs, it is pleasant to think of Mr. Babbage working out his calculations in the silence of North London. Many of our old street friends on this one occasion desert their usual haunts, and introduce London manners and humours into the quiet Surrey hills. This Derby of 1864—Blair Athol's year, to speak more properly—witnessed a painful exposure on the part of an old public favourite. The well-known monkey who performs on a round table, and is master of several weapons and musical instruments, yielded so far to surrounding influences as to become inebriated. At least that was the explanation which the stout Italian who introduces him to society gave of his eccentricities. Addressing him by the name of "George"—a strange name for an ape—he flatly charged him with intoxication, and took away his gun from him. All the regular attendants of open-air festivities are, of course, present. That melancholy band of minstrels which sheds a gloom upon every public gala, the profoundly miserable piccolo, the desponding clarinet, and the harp confirmed in misanthropy by years of strumming up and down Vanity Fair—these are to be found wearing the same expressions of countenance and playing the same air they wore and played with their backs up against the funnel of "Citizen D" at the last University boat-race, and will wear and play at Wimbledon in July next. Race or review, it is all one to them. No spectacle can move or excite them now.

People of this sort we can account for; we do not altogether lose sight of them between Derby and Derby. But it is not so easy to say what becomes of a vast number of persons and things wholly peculiar to the Derby. For instance, as you ascend the Hill, three things are always required of you—to have your coat brushed, to adorn your hat with a wreath of coloured paper, and to purchase a "jolly nose." Where do the speculators who make these propositions go to, and what do they do, for the remainder of the year? The amiable insanity which makes men buy wreaths and noses only lasts one day, and there is no other occasion on which clothes-brushing can be at all a lucrative profession. The same may be said, to a certain extent, of the knock-'em-downs, Aunt Sallies, and shooting galleries. Some, of course, find openings about the country; but there cannot be business all the year round for a fourth of those on the Hill on a Derby day.

Perhaps it is not altogether fair to speak of the wearing of highly-coloured pasteboard noses as a kind of madness. The ground on which the purchase is always recommended to you is that you will make all the spectators laugh on the road home, and it is completely in accordance with the simple benevolence of the Hill character to expend capital and make oneself ridiculous for the good of mankind. This year a new line of business was opened up by the introduction of brilliant paper bonnets, of the shape and style of the hideous feminine head-dress which was invented some time ago in Paris. With one of these, and a nose harmonising with it in colour and proportions, a gentleman returning from Blair Athol's Derby might fairly be considered to have been equal to the occasion, and to have done all that could be expected of him. If there were any doubt about the manly tastes and healthy instincts of the Hill tribes, it must have been banished by the complete failure of an exhibition of barbarous life under the title of "The Formosa and Poomoser savages." Judged by his portrait outside, the Formosan specimen seemed to be only an average Indian with nothing whatever that reminded one of George Psalmanazar about him; but the gentleman from Poomoser, wherever that may be, was not represented as a pleasant member of society. He was painted in the act of eating a human leg (supposed to be a missionary's) as if it was a radish, and with every appearance of relish. The proprietor of these two foreigners made a great mistake when he came to the Hill. Very likely he has drawn crowded caravans in the mining districts, but his treat did not seem to be at all to the taste of the Derby goers, and though he shouted that it was just a-going to begin—meaning perhaps that a fresh joint of missionary was just up—nobody seemed inclined to accept his invitation to step up. These jovial holiday-

makers do not care a pin for the horrible or the instructive. The utmost concession they are willing to make to science is to allow themselves to be electrified at a penny a shock, but beyond this they will not go, and if Dr. Kahn came down with his whole museum he would not make a farthing. In fact, the moral purpose of the Derby is to afford an outlet for animal spirits and suppressed eccentricity. The young Frenchman of the middle class is compelled to spread his absurdity over the whole year, and take it out in the form of idiotic contortions when he dances a quadrille. The German relieves himself by "renovating" it over his beer in an extravagant costume. The Londoner keeps it all for one day, and gets rid of the secretions of a year at once. All those youths who returned to town on Wednesday evening with false noses, dolls stuck round their hats, blowing trumpets, firing peas, and generally comporting themselves in an insane way, had by Thursday morning settled down into grave and orderly citizens, and will continue so till the period for the annual outburst returns this time next year.

POLITICAL AGITATION IN THE PARKS.

THE gentlemen who claim the great legal and constitutional right of making the London Parks disagreeable to quiet people held a conference the other day in a committee-room of the House of Commons, for the purpose of "determining on the necessary steps for obtaining a decided and satisfactory settlement" of the question which they have thought proper to raise. Some dozen members of Parliament, chiefly metropolitan, were present, with about the same number of vestrymen and other parochial agitators whose names became familiar to us during the late Garibaldi mania; and it was agreed, after a good deal of not entirely harmonious discussion, to appoint a committee to examine and report on the legal bearings of the matter. One only wonders that something of the kind was not done sooner. It must be owned that the champions of the assumed right of holding political meetings in the Parks have shown no undue eagerness in the sacred cause which they profess to have at heart. They have had plenty of time, since the question was first stirred, to get up the law of the case, or to place it in hands that would have got it up for them; yet the only point on which there seems to be a tolerable unanimity of opinion is that none of them know much about it. It is now more than a month ago that the original Primrose Hill meeting was dispersed by Inspector Stokes and the other minions of despotism, and there has been ample opportunity for taking practical measures to ascertain whether Inspector Stokes had legal authority for the gentle violence which he exercised on the person of the chairman, Mr. Edmond Beales. Mr. Beales, to be sure, is quite certain that the conduct of the minions of despotism was "wholly illegal and unconstitutional," and Mr. Beales is a lawyer of respectable professional standing; but none of his friends appear to share his certainty, and he has probably sense enough to know that the most positive opinion even of a fair average lawyer cannot always be prudently acted upon in a case to which he is a party. The short and simple way of settling the question would be for Mr. Beales to bring an action for assault against Inspector Stokes, and then he would get the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench on the subject on which he expends so much cloudy argument and irrelevant declamation. If the Primrose Hill chairman and his friends are really anxious to learn the law of the matter, it is odd that they do not take the one course which could alone satisfy an intelligent curiosity.

Mr. Beales has not acquainted us—or, at any rate, his reporters have not—with the legal and historical grounds for his confident assertion of the ancient and undisputed right of political agitators to practise their profession in the Parks of London. We are in a position, however, to judge of the non-legal arguments by which he supports this most unpleasant doctrine, and we must take leave to say that they read to us like sheer nonsense. It seems to be quite enough for him that the Parks are "public" Parks; and from this premiss he jumps to the conclusion that they may be lawfully used for any purpose, not intrinsically illegal, for which any section of the public may have a fancy. Yet even if we grant the hypothesis that inclosed demesnes, the property of the Crown, are literally and absolutely public, it does not exactly follow that they are proper places for political demonstrations. It might have occurred to a lawyer as possible that people may have a qualified right to use even public places for some purposes, but not for all purposes. The streets of London belong to the public, in a far wider sense than the Parks; yet persons who imagine they have a legal and constitutional right to make speeches and pass resolutions in the streets will soon find that somebody else has a legal and constitutional right to bid them move on, and to lock them up if they refuse. It is at least conceivable that, as the streets are public only for the purpose of traffic, so the Parks may be public only for the purpose of recreation. But the fact is, Mr. Beales's fundamental postulate breaks down at the first touch. Nothing can be further from the truth than that the London Parks are public places in the unqualified sense which his argument requires. When he says that he is "not aware that there is any difference between the public parks and any other open spaces in the metropolis," he simply says that he is not aware of facts which are perfectly well known to every nursemaid and errand-boy in London. There is every possible difference between the Parks and other open spaces in the metropolis. As it happens, the Parks are not "open spaces" at all, but

inclosed and fenced spaces. They are under a special jurisdiction, and are subject to special and exceptional regulations. They are public places from which the public are altogether excluded during a good many hours of the twenty-four, and to which the public are only admitted with qualifications and conditions at other hours. Some of the Parks do not allow street cabs within their precincts, and they all, we believe, proscribe omnibuses, waggons, hearses, and certain other ungraceful vehicles. In some of them even pedestrian traffic is subjected to restrictions which may or may not be reasonable, but which at any rate mark a pretty broad distinction between public parks and other open spaces. Most or all of them exclude organ-grinders, acrobats, and other street performers from their interior inclosures—a violation of legal and constitutional principle at least as shocking as the prohibition of political oratory. So Mr. Beales's assumed parallelism between public parks and other open spaces fails him at every point. There is not the smallest *a priori* reason for supposing that the Park authorities have not the same legal power of forbidding political demonstrations within their jurisdiction which they confessedly have of forbidding a vast number of other things which are considered incompatible with the public use and enjoyment of the Parks as places for the quiet recreation of quiet folks.

But, whatever may be the law of the matter, we are quite clear as to its practical merits. Political demonstrations in the Parks would be an intolerable nuisance, and, if there were no law to prevent them, we can only say that there ought to be. Whatever brings noisy and excited crowds within those pleasant inclosures spoils them for their proper and legitimate uses. If meetings are to be allowed on one side of a political question, of course it is impossible to prohibit counter meetings on the other side; and when things come to that, we are not far from breaking of heads. The Garibaldian and anti-Garibaldian assemblages of two years ago, which Mr. Beales thinks it was a sin and a shame to put down, bred some very ugly riots, and for several Sundays made Hyde Park unapproachable for decent persons. Even the less dangerous preachings and lecturings which used to make the Parks on a Sunday a perfect Babel of discordant sounds were abominably unpleasant, and it was an immense relief to sober-minded people when they were snuffed out by authority. What with City Missionaries, Scripture Readers (and occasionally anti-Scripture reasoners), Temperance lecturers, male and female, and other religious or social agitators, it was at one time impossible to walk a hundred yards without becoming an involuntary hearer of some "gospel" or other, mouthed by an illiterate and conceited fanatic who laboured but too successfully to make all religion and morality odious. Those who remember what the Parks were before the Garibaldi riots of 1862 brought matters to a wholesome crisis will not be enthusiastic about the "legal and constitutional right" contended for by Mr. Beales. And we are glad to see that this practical view of the case was not without its supporters at last Monday's conference. Even Radical members of Parliament—nay, metropolitan members—had the sense to see, and the courage to say, that the Parks are places for recreation and not for indignation meetings. Mr. Ayrton thought that, "apart from the legality of the question, it should also be considered whether it was desirable that public meetings should be held in the Parks." Mr. Goschen was "quite clear that, if any Park were to become a place for public meetings, the object for which the Park was established would be done away with, for women and children would be prevented from enjoying it." Another speaker actually ventured on remarking what a blessing it was that Kennington Common, once famous for Chartist gatherings, and "a nuisance to the neighbourhood," had been turned into a Park, and appropriated to more agreeable and ornamental uses. According to all appearances, Mr. Beales will have enough to do with converting his own friends to the expediency of the pleasant little revolution with which he threatens us. If universal suffrage were to decide the matter, nine Londoners out of ten would probably vote for letting well alone, and keeping the Parks free from political brawls. Mr. Beales's "people" are, we suspect, an infinitesimal minority of the population to whose comfort and convenience the Parks of London are appropriated.

A controversy in which the Home Office is concerned would be incomplete without some characteristic display of imbecility on Sir George Grey's part. It is due to the Home Secretary to acknowledge that he has come out in the fullest force on this occasion. Nothing could be happier than his treatment of this Primrose Hill business from first to last. He began with informing a deputation that although the police did quite right, according to their general instructions, in putting down the meeting of (the 23rd of April, he nevertheless "regretted" that they had done so, and should have been better pleased if they had allowed the affair to proceed. That is to say, Sir George Grey would like the police to exercise a discretion about obeying orders, and to take on themselves the responsibility of permitting or forbidding political demonstrations in the Parks. A pleasant position this for Inspector Stokes! If he allows a meeting to take place, he disobeys his instructions; if he acts up to his instructions and forbids a meeting, he runs the risk of causing regret to Sir George Grey, and incurring disavowal and censure for himself. This we take to be in Sir George's best style. His next step was to induce his colleague of the Board of Works to sanction a meeting on Primrose Hill on the ground that there was "no reason to apprehend that it would lead to any disturbance of the peace"—from which it might not unnaturally be inferred that, as a rule, meetings not likely to lead to a disturbance

of the peace would in future be permitted by the Park authorities. Nothing of the sort, however. The Home Secretary has, it seems, told Mr. Whalley that he now peremptorily forbids that which three weeks ago he expressly allowed, and that in future "the Parks are not to be used by the public for any other purpose than recreation, it being totally inconsistent with the comfort and convenience of those who use them for this purpose that they should be made the arena of public assemblages for the discussion of political or social questions." Yet even this is not quite his last word. If we are to believe Mr. Whalley, Sir George Grey, at the very moment that he prohibits political meetings in the Parks on principle, as being "totally inconsistent" with the proper uses of places of public recreation, throws out a sort of half suggestion that perhaps the Commissioner of Woods and Forests might not object to allow meetings to be held, "on certain days," in one place of public recreation—namely, on Primrose Hill. What sin the inhabitants of Primrose Hill and its neighbourhood have committed that their comfort and convenience are to be totally sacrificed, on certain days, to a confessedly illegitimate object, Sir George Grey omits to explain. It will be satisfactory to them to learn that the compromise which the Home Secretary so good-naturedly recommends at their expense is indignantly scouted by those to whom it is offered. Luckily for Primrose Hill, Mr. Beales and his friends go in for a great legal and constitutional principle which admits of no exception, condition, or qualification. Should they continue in the same mind, and stand out for all or nothing, Primrose Hill will have had a very fortunate escape from a highly undesirable infliction; and as even Sir George Grey's capacity for self-stultification has perhaps at last reached its limit, it may be hoped that the public parks and pleasure-grounds of London will henceforth, one and all, be reserved for the purposes for which they are intended, and be exempt from the intrusion of fanatics and demagogues of all kinds and degrees.

THE DERBY.

SO, after all, it appears that the Malton people do know a race-horse when they see one. When they said, last autumn, that in Blair Athol Mr. T'Anson had got such a flyer as had not been seen on Langton Wold since West Australian, they were not, as it turns out, very far mistaken in their ideas of pace and style. It has pleased some writers in the press to confer upon Blair Athol the title of "mysterious," although there never was any mystery about the horse except what was manufactured by persons of an imaginative turn of mind. Mr. T'Anson knew his own business better than other people, and he stuck to it. Having a horse of great capability, but of some delicacy of constitution, he did not hurry his preparation, nor bring him out to contend for small stakes, to the prejudice of his chance of winning the chief prize of the Turf. There is one feature of this year's Derby which every admirer of a sound race-horse must observe with pleasure—namely, that the first place has been taken by a horse which never ran at all as a two-year-old, and the second place by a horse which only ran in an insignificant match. Mr. T'Anson declined nine two-year-old engagements for Blair Athol, and, following the same prudent policy, he withheld him from the Dee Stakes at the late Chester meeting. Some persons even saw mystery in Blair Athol's absence from the Chester race-course; whereas, if the horse's chance at Epsom really was what his owner and admirers supposed, it would have been the height of folly to damage it by running him at Chester. It is needless to repeat, what has been often said before, that two-year-old races are a necessary evil; but it is gratifying to witness such examples as Mr. T'Anson and Lord Glasgow have exhibited of the good effects of keeping the best hopes of their stables in reserve until the third year. The contests for the Derby in recent years have all been close, and the distinguished honour of winning easily by two lengths has been gained by a horse who never galloped before in public, having for his only formidable competitor a horse whose education had been almost as private as his own. Although it is idle to regret that the Derby has long ceased to be the usual first appearance of the colts engaged in it, one may still be permitted to note with pleasure any proof which modern racing offers that the old custom was a good one.

Some persons will perhaps say that Mr. T'Anson is a very lucky man, but the great results which he has achieved with a small stud are due to his own judgment and patience, as well as to the help of fortune. Doubtless he made a happy hit when he became possessed of Queen Mary, who bore Blink Bonny, winner of the Derby and Oaks, and Haricot mother of Caller Ou, winner of the St. Leger. Blink Bonny, being put to Newminster, bore Borealis, who is little and good; and being put next year to Stockwell, she bore Blair Athol, who is great and good. Blink Bonny is now dead, leaving behind her one more foal, Breadalbane, who is engaged in next year's Derby; but Caller Ou is likely, when her racing career is over, to maintain her owner's reputation by bearing winners of the great three-year-old contests. Blair Athol's victory affords some proof that the expectation of winners breeding winners is well-founded. His sire, Stockwell, won the Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger; his dam, Blink Bonny, won the Derby and Oaks. Wisely and well sang a poet in the *Sporting Gazette* last Saturday:—

Was he "cooped," a "stiff," and a "dead un"?
Was it "coming" to bet he don't start?

Yet I'll stick to the out-and-out bred un,
And ne'er from my colours depart.
Though Manchester never stops laying,
Though quidnuncs all tell you he's sold,
Real quality there's no gainsaying;
So I'll go for the green and the gold.

But even this oracle spoke not wholly truth, for, while taking pretty nearly a correct measure of other favourites, he was unfortunately rather too partial to Cambuscan. However, he finished his poem with the lines—

Believe me, the Derby is over,
Blair Athol can't possibly lose—

by which he may well sustain a prophetic reputation for his lifetime. The state of the market on Monday showed that this poet's case was one of wisdom crying and few regarding it. Blair Athol stood in the returns of betting at 14 to 1, not only after the prophets had given warning in verse and prose, but also after the horse had been seen at exercise upon the Surrey downs. If people will not believe their eyes, it is not likely that they will give ear to prophecy. It is wonderful to observe with how little wisdom a great part of the transactions of the Turf are managed. Mr. Merry and his trainer have undoubtedly had great experience in bringing out Derby horses. They won with Thormanby; they found in Dundee a horse good enough to run into the second place upon three legs; and although Buckstone as a three-year-old did not do all they promised, he took as a four-year-old the highest place by winning the Ascot Cup. Therefore it would have been unwise to disregard entirely the confident assertions that Scottish Chief could not lose the Derby, although it would have been warrantable to deduct a large percentage from his friends' estimate of him. To back Scottish Chief for a place seemed a good investment, and a place he got. If it were thought that Scottish Chief's supporters were the best judges of capability to win a Derby, it had to be confessed, on the other hand, that the performances of Cambuscan, Paris, and Coast Guard were better than his. Birch Broom's performances seemed to have as little to do with winning the Derby as his appearance, upon which a word shall be said presently. How this horse ever came to his position in the Derby betting is the greatest of many puzzles which have exercised the minds of observers of the Turf-market during the last three months. It would be much more appropriate to call Birch Broom, instead of Blair Athol, "the mysterious." After all, people who want to bet upon a race must choose a horse; and if they choose the horses whose merits have been proclaimed in the loudest tones, they only act like people who, when they want a manufactured article, go to the shops which advertise constantly that they keep the best. Hearing the confident language of the owners of some half-dozen of the Derby horses, and looking at the vast sums of money which were staked upon them, it seemed almost rash to say that one of these horses was about as good as another, that General Peel's public form was good enough to beat them all, and that it was possible there might be something somewhere good enough to beat General Peel. This view of the chances of the Derby would not be quite correctly stated in the terms that a "dark" horse was likely to win. Blair Athol might, indeed, be called "dark" because he had never been in the light of a two-year-old race, or because people were too clever to see what he was; but if by a "dark" horse is meant a horse which has not been much talked about, we should say that such horse is very unlikely to win the Derby. Amid the vast quantity of discussion of the pretensions of all possible candidates, it is to be expected, not that merit will be overlooked, but that it will be imagined where it does not exist. One sees, before all the great races, the same marvellous reliance upon horses whose claims to confidence are utterly incapable of rational explanation. We were told, indeed, that at Danebury they believed in Copenhagen quite as much as at Malton they believed in Blair Athol, if not more so; but, although Yorkshire is undoubtedly knowing in horsemanship, it would be extravagant to claim for that county a monopoly of this sort of knowledge, to the exclusion of the entire south of England. On the whole, perhaps, it might be said that the reports current of Blair Athol's quality were such as speak to the wise—namely, trainers and jockeys—but need an interpreter to the public.

In the paddock an opportunity was afforded of examining what the cracks had to show in support of their reputations. Birch Broom is a tall raw-boned horse, with bad hocks and very suspicious fore legs; and how he could ever have been made a favourite appeared incomprehensible. Planet was pretty, with a beautiful forehead, but light and on too small a scale for such a severe course as the Derby. The same remark might apply to Paris, about whom, however, his owner expressed himself very confident. Mr. Ten Broeck's other horse, Idler, who had been sometimes said to be as good as Paris, and who had certainly been backed by the public for a large sum of money, did not start. Prince Arthur, one of the Yorkshire cracks, is a compact strong little horse, but he evidently has a knack of overreaching himself, as the marks on his near fore-fetlock showed. Valiant, the Cockney horse, was good-looking enough, but hardly up to Derby form. Surat, the only representative of the Butterfly and Kettledrum stable, appeared to have felt the effect of the hard ground, as his off fore-leg was bandaged. Indeed, many of the horses were in bandages. A great crowd, as usual, surrounded the Whitewall horses Baragah and Hollyfox. They were led by the veteran Welcome, who, it may be remembered, was one of the five who ran two years ago, when The Marquis so nearly took the great prize into York-

shire. Baragah, the best of the pair, is a half-brother to West Australian; he is a very strong cheanut, but looks more like carrying weight to hounds than winning the Derby. Mr. Scott was present, and was heard to congratulate the great bookmaker, Mr. Jackson, on his approaching success, though whether he meant that Blair Athol or General Peel was to be the winner is uncertain, as Mr. Jackson had "stood" both horses to a large amount. Cathedral and Major appeared to have done their work well, and looked very fit for the race, but though both had been backed at long prices, they were hardly of the class in which a Derby winner should be sought. The name Cathedral is rather suggestive of the horse's sire, Newminster, than of the racing capability which made that sire illustrious. Outlaw was pretty and level, but not up to the occasion. After looking over these ordinary cattle, it was a relief to turn to General Peel, who was accompanied by his stable companion, Stafford. One of the stories current in London in the exciting week before the race was, that Stafford had beaten General Peel in a trial, and that a fortune might be made by backing him. Like Lord Clifden last year, General Peel's looks, setting his performances on one side, were good enough to account for the favour in which he was held. He is a very large horse, with fine shoulders and crest, and carries his head beautifully; his condition was perfection, and it was evident that his race at Newmarket a month ago had done him no harm. If a fault can be found in him it is that he is rather light behind the saddle. Ackworth and Copenhagen carried the yellow and purple stripes of Mr. H. Hill. It had been supposed that Ackworth was the real representative of the stable, and that Rogers was to ride him, but at the last moment that experienced jockey put his saddle upon Copenhagen, who is undeniably the better looking horse of the two, though neither his performance in the Two Thousand nor that in the Derby entitles him to much credit. Not a fault could be found with the condition of either horse, which, indeed, was as perfect as the Danebury stable could render it. As regards Ackworth, it must be allowed that the poet who sang that "an 'ack worth a curse could beat him" was rather hard upon a useful horse. Coastguard looked well, but the hard ground had told upon him and his legs were bandaged, and he scarcely looked likely to repeat Macaroni's performance of last year. About the last to come under notice were Scottish Chief and Cambuscan. The former is a nice horse. He was in splendid condition, and, to all appearance, the best trained horse in the race. Cambuscan was quite as beautiful as report had stated him to be—long, level, and much resembling his sire Newminster. On him too the hard ground had had its effect, and his legs were in bandages, the sight of which recalled to mind predictions that Cambuscan would not endure a Derby preparation, or, if he did, would break down in the race. Ely looked well in the paddock, and went well in his canter, and was remarkably quiet at the post. Blair Athol, who was ridden by Snowden, did not appear in the paddock with the other horses, but was saddled up the course, and took his canter apart from his competitors, with Caller On leading him. There was thus no opportunity of observing him closely in the paddock; but at the post it was evident that all stories told to his disadvantage were weak inventions of the enemy. He combines wonderfully the qualities of his famous sire and dam, and resembles Stockwell more perhaps than any other of his sons, whilst he has the hereditary white blaze down his face which Queen Mary has transmitted to him through Blink Bonny, and which marked Borealis so conspicuously last year in the Oaks and St. Leger. There was a beautiful freshness in his look. He had not been trained to fiddle-strings, as is the unhappy fate of some good horses, but he was rather under than over-trained, and he had more flesh on him than General Peel. Blair Athol's quiet temper at the post served him well during the seven or eight false starts that took place owing to the bad behaviour of Surat and other horses. Some horses would go too soon, while others would not come into line to go. An offender of the latter class was Washington, who, having Wells upon him, looked at one time as if he intended to make that skilful jockey as disagreeably conspicuous as Tambour Major did last year. Blair Athol broke away once, and galloped a short distance up the hill, and a finer exhibition of hind action was never seen. Could that gallop have been fully discerned from the Stand, the horse would have been, or at least ought to have been, first favourite before the start was really effected. The false starts were very prejudicial to General Peel, who fretted considerably, foaming at the mouth, and trembling, although Aldcroft, who had secured the inside position next the rails, contrived to keep him from breaking away. When at last they were off, General Peel was about the first to show in front on the left, while Paris, on the right, was nearly pulling Fordham out of the saddle. Blair Athol, in the centre, lay rather back.

It avails not to trace the changes of position among the favourites as they came down the hill and approached the fatal corner. Nothing occurred, so far as could be learned after the race, to cause it to be said that any horse was disappointed of a chance of doing his best to win. When the horses came fully into view General Peel turned up where one naturally looked for him, in the front, and well placed for winning. There were cries of "General Peel wins," and for a moment—no more—it looked as if he would. The next moment another horse had evidently the best of it, and some persons supposed that this horse was Birch Broom. Lord Westmoreland's green and white might possibly be mistaken for Mr. T'Anson's green and

straw colour; and besides, the names Birch Broom and Blair Athol begin with the same letter, and the horses are in other respects as much alike as Monmouth and Macedon. There is just this difference between them, that one could win the Derby and the other could not. The hardness of the ground doubtless served the soundest horses, and the great speed of Blair Athol enabled him to defeat General Peel easily by two lengths, while Scottish Chief, three lengths behind the General, came third. It may truly be said that the three best-looking horses beat the field. The fourth horse was an animal of extremely moderate pretension, called Knight of Snowdon, and next to him, or nearly so, came Cambuscan. The other cracks were beaten even more ignominiously. It would have been a welcome sight to see Lord Glasgow's colours win; but it must be owned that General Peel, magnificent animal as he is, showed some want of gameness when Blair Athol collared him. But, although he might have struggled more, he certainly could not have won. Blair Athol's performance was worthy of his looks and breeding, and if all were true that was told of the horses that he beat, his performance would be very great indeed.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1864.

(Third Notice.)

WE have this week to consider, with the painters of domestic life, those noteworthy younger artists whose figure-subjects form the most interesting, and perhaps the most advancing, section of English art. They differ too much to be brought under one definition; but on the whole, besides the increased regard for drawing, colour, and brilliancy which they show, they may be said to have introduced a new series of incident-subjects which cannot be classified under the two ancient heads of common life or history—being more poetical, and of wider scope than the first, whilst they rarely answer, either in style or in the choice of incident, to the old conventional idea of the grand or historical school. We must, however, give Mr. Millais a place here rather on the score of his great former achievements than of anything that he now sends. His single invention—a pert Jacobite damsel perched on a mounting-block, in a green velvet riding-dress, with appropriate symbols of her political creed about her—is enough to convert one to Hanoverianism at once. This, however, is the most completely and delicately coloured of any of his pictures; although, for its charming naturalness of air, we prefer the little head of a boy (135). The three other girl subjects hardly require description. In each of them we find that powerful painting in which Mr. Millais has no equal; in each of them, also, we must confess to finding a lack of that delicacy and grace which such subjects seem especially to demand. The child in the studio chair is the least open to our latter remark. In the "Second Sermon," the importance of the furniture compared to the child—and of the dress, again, to the child's figure—strikes us as disproportionate; and the perpendicular legs are a piece of unnecessary and unpleasant truth to nature. The two girls with gold fish are the most effective, if not the most harmonious, piece of colour which the artist gives; although here the want of refinement in the features and limbs, with the vulgar dressiness of the children, are serious impediments to enjoyment. The painting of the bowl and fish is admirable; but, for the due balance of the whole as a work of art, we should either have had these accessories alone, or not have had them. In some of the points here indicated, Mr. Archer's "Infanta sitting to Velasquez for her Portrait" may be profitably compared with Mr. Millais's work. More finely modelled, and more delicately handled, this little figure seems to us to have thus more of the essentials of childhood in it. Mr. Prinsep, if he does not this year try any subject of powerful interest, has gained in tenderness and in mastery over his art. His "Berenice," if not exactly the "lady" of whom Mr. Browning speaks in the verses quoted, is a grand piece of decorative colouring, though rather coarse in design. Mr. Prinsep's lady of the last century, in her full court dress and fan, sweeping gracefully by, shows real command over colour, motion, and life. It is a more satisfactory work than his "Beatrice and Benedick," where the heroine looks rather plain and awkward, and the lively bachelor, although his attitude is well imagined, does not seem quite equal to the brilliant things which Shakespeare has put into his mouth. Messrs. Stanhope, Halliday, and Sandys all appear devoted, at present, to that modernized mediævalism in which Mr. E. B. Jones of the Water-Colour Society is a professed master. We trust that this fancy will not be long allowed to hamper their capacities for a more natural style. We can only admire the technical qualities of the female figures by the two latter. In Mr. Stanhope's "Rizpah," the idea is original and picturesque. This is a subject which, we would suggest, might be advantageously worked out again by the painter. Greater force in the widow's features, and more roundness in her figure, would relieve the composition of a certain embarrassment which the confused though effective lines of the background now appear to occasion.

An expressive female head—the figure shown in half-length—by Mr. Martineau, represents the queen of some tournament prepared to reward her own true knight, but looking with natural and well-rendered anxiety on the combat. This is firmly and completely painted, but we entertain a hope that the artist of the excellent "Last Day in the Old Home" will not allow that to be his solitary success in dramatic invention on

an impressive scale. Such work, we fear, is hardly to be expected from Mr. Whistler. There is obviously an excess of fantasy in his nature, and yet we must express a deliberate conviction that our school has no artist by whom, in respect of some of the highest and the rarest technical gifts, so much might be given us. Fantastic as may be the idea of that long Chinese maiden who is appropriately bestowing her own proportions on the "lange lizen" of her vase, this is the most remarkable thing exhibited for exquisite richness and subtlety of colouring, combined with total absence of elaboration in laying the colours on. Every touch here has been struck in, apparently, with that directness which has long made Velasquez the envy of all artists; the coloured-paper labels on the right above the figure should be especially noticed; and we may fairly say that if in this picture, and in the view of Wapping near it, the figures had been free from some obvious negligences, Mr. Whistler might have obtained from a jury of oil-colour painters the first place for mastery over the technicalities of his profession.

Mr. Arthur Hughes maintains the place which he has long taken as one of our best poetical inventors in art by the three pictures now sent—a music party, a scene within a village church, and a group in which a girl leads her grandmother, it may be, through a garden rich with the golden greens and purples of spring. This latter appears to us the most complete of the three. The contrast of youth and age could not be more tenderly expressed, and the natural tints of the scene fall in happily with that peculiar mannerism in colour which interferes with the popular recognition of the peculiar merits of the artist. We cannot but wish that Mr. Hughes would quit for a time that delicate and graceful line of subjects in which he has, indeed, obtained a mastery, and try his powers on rougher or stronger scenes. There is such a mark of individuality on all his work that he need not fear he would lose himself. We are glad to see, by the crowd around it, that his graceful "Sunbeam in Church," in which the quality of homely force is less represented than the elements of charm and thoughtfulness, has found its way to the hearts of spectators.

Turning now to artists whose genius lies rather more in the invention of incident, or the illustration of history, than those we have just touched on, a satisfactory advance may be noted in more than one of the younger contributors. Mr. Hodgson leads the way with his carefully-drawn and very delicately-coloured "Review of the English Fleet by Elizabeth"—a picture which has been hung rather unfavourably in the Fourth Room. The Queen, with her famous group of courtiers, is proceeding slowly along the cliff, beneath which Lord Howard's squadron is riding. Except in Elizabeth, whose action and expression appear lifelike, a want of animation in the crowd detracts from the effect of this promising work, which, however, is one of the most genuine pieces of art in the Exhibition, both in the management of the painting, and in the total absence of showiness and studio effect. To go from such a picture to those by Phillip or Faed, Ward or Frith, is to pass from modest truth to clever artifice. Like Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Crowe has also made a step onwards. His drawing is a great advance upon what must have satisfied the world of art fifteen years ago, to judge by the general standard of Academicians; and his colouring, although not so tender and transparent as Mr. Hodgson's, is vigorous and firm. His principal picture—Luther posting his anti-indulgence theses on a church door—cannot, we are sure, satisfy so thoughtful an artist in regard to the central personage. Perhaps the Luther should have been brought nearer the eye; as it is, he is an ineffective and inappropriate figure. Tetzels on one side, the honest German citizens who sympathize with courage against abuses on the other, are animated and characteristic. We might repeat the principal part of this criticism in regard to Mr. Crowe's "Only a Woman's Hair"—Swift's bitter endorsement on the paper which contained Stella's. Everything here in the room, the accessories, and the attitude, are so good, that more force, and especially more warmth of colour in the Dean's features, are felt as essential to stamp the work with unity and central interest.

The "Meeting of Arabella Stuart and Mr. Seymour" (Mr. G. A. Storey) is another work full of good character-painting; perhaps a little too smooth in execution, and not in all parts drawn with evenness of care (as in the lady's dress and some of the further figures), yet successful in so genuine a way that we hail it as a picture of true promise. Between those men who succeed by a happy trick, and those who succeed by instinct for their art, one of the eternal lines is drawn which separate the men capable of growth from those who cannot step beyond their little circle. Here the three chief figures—Seymour taking the Lady Arabella's hands, and James (of all the Stuarts the most crafty, selfish, and supremely odious) advancing stealthily towards them with the air of a cat watching the mice at play—are excellent. The action of Seymour when he recognises his youthful favourite, now grown up to woman's height and beauty, is uncommonly fine and gracious. We wish our space allowed us to describe this and Mr. Calderon's "Burial of Hampden" at greater length. The latter has, indeed, some signs of haste, if not in the execution, at least in the design; the nearer row of figures might especially, we think, have been made more characteristic and interesting. We should like to see this work executed in fresco at Westminster; it has a serious character that puts it at once within the true range of historical art, in which Mr. Cope and Mr. Ward are painfully deficient. But we hope before long to return to this subject. "La Reine

Malheureuse," which we would interpret "The Queen who made others unhappy," by Mr. Yeames, represents Henrietta Maria taking shelter in a snow-filled lane from certain Commonwealth vessels in Burlington Bay. We do not know with what feeling the clever artist approached this work; he has certainly not given it an air of serious calamity. The Queen and her gaily-dressed company seem to have come out for a day's pleasure, and are surprised by finding the snow on the ground. We see next to nothing of the danger of cannon-balls or capture; and the only figure awake to the gravity of the situation is a priest, whose alarm is humorously enough expressed. In this point Mr. Yeames reminds us of Mr. Pettie, whose "Tonsure" (169) is a very clever and comical rendering of the real, every-day aspect of monastic life. The barber of the convent is operating on the head of a novice, who shrinks in horror from the rough razor-work of "religious" life, and is obviously regretting the village Figaro. The details of this little picture are also capitably conceived; it has a completeness which we rather miss in Mr. Pettie's "Fox refusing to take the Oaths," where the space is insufficiently filled, and the whole picture, although it has many good points, looks rather like a made-up sketch than a finished painting. In Mr. Marks, again, we note a steady advance. Each of his three pictures reaches its aim; and the grace of the child in his "Beggar-scene," with the truth and character of the blind musician whom she leads, and the comfortable baker whose bread she covets, remind us, although without traces of undue imitation, of the Flemish painter Leys. There is also some improvement in the colour (although here the difference between the two artists is, perhaps, most conspicuously felt), and the remaining figures in Mr. Marks's work do not add to the story.

Whilst making these remarks, we are not ignorant of the vast difficulty of the subjects with which these artists are now dealing. That they should select them, and then work them out as they do, is a proof of immense advance in our school, whether we compare their pictures with the historical designs which twenty years ago brought reputation to the artists, or with the domestic sentimentalities which have been so overdone in England. In the latter class, Mr. Faed (if we do not reckon in it Mr. Millais, in deference to his much higher powers) is this year supreme. His really pleasing children's faces, with the bright though patchy colour (rich without transparency) and the general picturesqueness of his scenes, are brought before us with undiminished power, and will exert their usual effect over those who do not care for more than to be pleased, without asking whether they have been pleased by the most lasting or legitimate means of art. Mr. Faed is not, however, so happy in his principal subject as on former occasions. It is only discoverable by the catalogue that the cobbler fitting a glove on a pretty girl's hand acts both parents in one to his motherless child. There is nothing to indicate this in his action, or in the row of children who look on; and as it would have been easy to select some *motif* which would have conveyed the idea, we suppose that the name has been thrown in by way of sentimental make-weight. This habit of trying to fill out a picture, as it were, by some little matter of feeling or humour, in addition to the bit of nature, whatever it may be, selected for the subject, is a common weakness in the English school, and seriously hurtful to that unconsciousness of air and modest appeal by the aid of truth and art alone which make a picture charming. Mr. Orchardson's "Flowers of the Forest" appears to us a much better work, because it relies only on its own sentiment for effect. The little maidens marching gaily as they sing over the high moorland to the ewe-milking, are as pretty a group as anything in the Exhibition; but we are sorry that the colour is less pure, and the details less delicately wrought, than Mr. Orchardson's work last year led us to anticipate. We trust he will not allow the Scotch mannerism, from which Mr. Pettie and Mr. Nicols are not free, to grow upon him. The latter sends one rather broadly humorous but clever thing—an Irish peasant shown into a drawing-room amongst the "Old Masters," in waiting for his landlord. The perplexity of the man, who is so taken aback by Rubens and Titian that he hardly knows how to sit steady, is excellent. Mr. Nicols' "Waiting for the Train" is too much in Mr. Faed's manner. The "Battle of Waterloo," by Mr. Webster, is a more complete and important specimen of his style than has been exhibited for some years. Mr. Horsley and Mr. Rankley, painters who have formerly attached themselves each so devotedly to his little class of subjects as to run no small risk of mannerism, now do themselves credit by the bolder and less made-up style of their chief pictures—the Doctor visiting a Gipsy Child, and the little girl showing her new frock to her grandmother. The courage with which Mr. Rankley, in the picture just named, confronts actual rags, deserves notice; they appear to frighten people as much on canvas as on the stage.

Mr. Leslie sends a baby on a river-barge receiving an apple from a young lady on the bank. The long line of the boat is painted with good feeling for tone, and the whole has an unaffected air, although the scene is deficient in subject, and the drawing and colour still leave very much to be desired. Artists like Mr. Leslie, or the younger Stanfield and Cox, stand in a peculiarly difficult position; the world being always at first more sympathetic and afterwards more exigent with regard to the sons of distinguished men. We trust that the praise which has been partly called forth by the former of these feelings will not lead Mr. Leslie to relax his efforts till he has fairly created an independent manner of his own. And we may venture to extend this remark, with more emphasis, to Mr. Marcus Stone, whose "Village Deserter" of this year seems

to us much below his last year's "Napoleon in Flight," both in idea and in execution. This is only imitation work—Croswick without his grace, and Frith with little of his cleverness. There is a measure of the latter quality in Mr. O'Neil's "Landing of the Princess Alexandra," a subject of so impracticable a nature that nothing short of the genius of Gainsborough could have managed it with success. Mr. O'Neil was here sadly hampered by the flaring red cloaks of the girls who strewed the way of the Princess with the conventional symbol of flowers, and by the exquisitely frightful decorations characteristic of English railway or steamboat buildings *en fête*; but he might have varied the type of his young ladies more. State ceremonies of this nature done to order, and mainly with the view of appealing to the least educated popular taste by a showy print, such as we are threatened with in the case of Mr. Frith's Marriage of the Prince, are not only apt to deteriorate the artist's style, but must be also considered a real injury to the public appreciation of art.

REVIEWS.

TICKNOR'S LIFE OF PRESCOTT.*

THE great popularity of Mr. Prescott's writings, and the interest in the writer created by the vague accounts which were current of the physical incapacity under which he laboured, justify his friends in thinking that they ought not to leave a life like his without its memorial. His friends, too, were warm in their affection for him, and strong in their admiration both of his goodness and his powers. He was a man, apparently, of unusually attractive and winning character—manly, spirited, and honest, inspiring on all sides confidence in his kindness and sympathy, hearty in his enjoyment, and very unselfish and genial. It is not surprising, therefore, that a friend like Mr. Ticknor, who had learnt to value him while he was still unknown, and had watched him rise into fame, should think that his biography would bear a somewhat full treatment. Mr. Ticknor has produced a large and handsome book, which, in its appearance and illustrations, is a credit to the American press. But we cannot help thinking that a more succinct account and a more modest volume would have served the purpose better. Mr. Prescott's life was the happy and fortunate one—very fortunate in spite of all his privations—of a successful student and writer, and there is in reality but one point in it on which any strong or peculiar interest gathers. Mr. Ticknor expatiates at excessive length on details which are too common to be characteristic, unless the narrator himself can make them so by skill of his own. The book is too long, and not very well arranged; one part repeats another with too little variation; and Mr. Ticknor has not always taken the care, which a practised writer might naturally be expected to take, to prevent our meeting the same thing again where there was no need of its recurrence. The book is largely interspersed with letters. Some are interesting and curious, but a great number have nothing in them of more consequence than the name of the writer; and there are not unfrequent instances of that want of judgment so often shown by modern biographers in printing for the public what was meant, and suited, only for the eye of a friend.

The great interest of Mr. Prescott's career lies in the singular way in which a painful and disabling accident eventually directed him to that which made his fame—in the way in which it controlled and shaped the course of his life, and, by its cross and vexatious consequences, drove him against his own purposes and plans into pursuits in which he found unexpected success and good fortune. It further lies in the effect of this accident on his own character and habits; in the resolution, contrivance, and dauntless patience with which he kept up his struggle against its increasing pressure; in the heavy odds against his being able effectually to master such disheartening impediments to new and large and laborious knowledge, in spite of which he accomplished what he undertook; and in the way in which, to the very last, his work was, in a degree different from the conditions imposed on most men, a race against time. In fact, confined as he was to such necessarily protracted and tedious processes of gathering his materials, it was ever a question whether he could finish before his day was up. Mr. Prescott, if nothing unusual had happened to him, would have been an American lawyer, probably a successful orator, perhaps a politician. But while he was at college a mischance befel him, leading to consequences which put an end to all thought of public life. One day after dinner, there was some rough play going on in the hall among a number of undergraduates. Prescott was leaving the hall, and, as he turned round to see what was passing, a hard piece of bread hit him full in the open eye, and injured him so severely that sight was irreversibly lost. The brain, too, received a shock; and this, though he seemed to recover his general health at the time, was followed within two years by an extraordinary inflammation of the remaining eye, which proved to be connected with a deep rheumatic tendency, never to be subdued and with difficulty to be kept within limits. The eye was saved, but from this time its health and functions were feeble and capricious. It had to be most jealously watched and humoured, and the use of it carefully measured out; and as all substantial

* *The Life of William Hickling Prescott.* By George Ticknor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

improvement in it soon appeared to be beyond hope, life was henceforth to be regulated with a view to preserve and spare its precarious power. "He reckoned time by eyesight," he said, "as distances on railroads are reckoned by hours." For some time the sufferer seemed doomed to a life without employment or fruit. Literature appeared as much cut off as law or business from a man to whom an open page was full of mischief and peril. But his singular hopefulness and patience, and his cheerful strength of heart, found ways, by degrees, out of the entanglement of crippling and imprisoning circumstances. He read whenever he could with safety, and as much as he could, and stopped when reading became dangerous. He was largely read to, and happily found those whose affection willingly submitted to hours of reading, while he sat facing the darkest corner of the room, and listening insistably. In this way he gradually became acquainted with the best examples of English, French, and Italian writing; but his work was merely preparatory; he had no subject in view which attracted him, and for which he read. By degrees he felt that he should like to be an author, but without having anything to write about. A sort of accident led him to a subject. In the course of his reading he had attempted to learn German, and, for reasons which hardly seem adequate ones, had persuaded himself that it was beyond his reach. To make up for the disappointment, Mr. Ticknor introduced him to Spanish. He entered with increasing interest into Spanish reading, and when he began to cast about for a subject on which to write himself, early Spanish history suggested itself, along with the revolutions of republican Rome, and the history of Italian, and then of English, literature. But objections accumulated against the classical, the Italian, and the English subjects, and left him more and more inclined to the Spanish one. Then the Spanish one gradually narrowed itself, and at the same time deepened in interest; and at length he distinctly put before his mind the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. He has recorded the date when he decided upon it; but he decided upon that which was to colour all his thoughts, and give its special character to his reputation as a writer, with only the vaguest and most general notions of what his subject contained.

The account given by Mr. Ticknor of the production of this, and the works which followed it, is a remarkable instance of the power of will and management over the most discouraging difficulties. When Prescott wrote to Mr. Everett in Spain, asking for books, Mr. Everett naturally advised him to come to Spain and examine the libraries for himself. It was precisely the thing which he felt from the beginning to be hopeless. If he could not write history without seeing and searching for himself, he must give up the thought of doing it at all. Most men would have felt that to enter on an unlimited and minute study of books and manuscripts with one bad and treacherous eye was a folly, horrible even to think of. Prescott—quoting Johnson's saying, that no man can compile a history who is blind—resolved to accept the unfavourable condition, and to try whether, in spite of it, he could not write up to the best standard in point of accuracy of statement and originality of research. Even in the first plan of his first work he laid out for himself an accumulation of materials truly formidable to be worked up by a man who could do so little to consult books for himself; but the plan and materials grew under his hand, and the materials of his first work were light compared with what he had to deal with in his succeeding ones. More and more, as his command over the hidden treasures of archives and libraries increased, and as documents poured in upon a writer who had achieved a great reputation and shown his ability to use them, his work involved not merely the reading of scores of books, but the mastery and arrangement of hundreds of more or less fragmentary manuscripts, with all their difficulties of deciphering and connexion. Or else he had to undertake the investigation of collateral and indispensable, but uncongenial, subjects—like the study, repulsive to a mind averse to anything connected with mathematics, of the monetary system of the fifteenth century, or the hieroglyphics and astronomy of the Aztecs. Were it not that the process was manifestly accompanied, and more than recompensed, by so much enjoyment, it would be positively painful to read of his continual and vigilant precautions, often in the event rendered vain, to keep a most limited use of his eye; of the petty and rigorous self-discipline, and measuring out of everything—time, food, exercise, glasses of wine—by which for forty years he kept up his powers to the working pitch; of the odd shifts and contrivances by which he had to supply those ready faculties which most men use without thinking of them when they have a book to consult or a page to write; of the increased and, to the imagination, oppressive strain on one set of organs—those of memory, and of the inward unassisted power of construction and arrangement—necessary to make up for the necessity of foregoing all but absolutely indispensable service from his single eye. Never was the "thorn in the flesh" more realized than in Mr. Prescott's forty years' endurance of his troublesome and capricious eye. To many people it would seem almost less tantalizing to have lost it at once; but he was nettled when the *Edinburgh Review* spoke of him as being blind. "He sometimes felt obliged to consider the contingency of losing the use of it altogether, and had the courage to determine, even in that event, to go on with his History." "The first thing to be done, and the thing always to be repeated day by day, was to strengthen as much as possible what remained of his sight." He enters resolutions in his diary about it. "I will make it my principal purpose to restore my eye to its primitive vigour, and will do nothing habitually that can seriously injure it." For

a time, his care was rewarded by increased strength in the organ; but, though he never became blind, the power of sight began gradually to fail. In several of his last years he used his eye only thirty-five minutes in the day, divided exactly by the watch into portions of five minutes each, with at least half an hour between. In the distribution of his day, and in everything else, he lived, as far as he could, by his doctor's rules. He had to guard also against another enemy—rheumatism. When he was called in the morning, he was told the state of the thermometer, and he had made the most minute memoranda about the amount and regulation of his dress; and "finding it difficult," says Mr. Ticknor, "to do so in any other way, he caused each of its heavier external portions to be marked by his tailor with the number of ounces it weighed, and then put them on according to the temperature, sure that their weight would indicate the measure of warmth and protection they would afford." Two currents of feeling seemed to be constantly meeting in his mind—the eager, unabated love of work, and the curious and never satisfied search after expedients to lighten the stress of it, and to economize to the full the use that could be got from his bodily powers. His study was full of odd and whimsically ingenious devices, and nice adjustments and adaptations of light and warmth. "The shades and shutters for regulating the exact amount of light which should be admitted, his own position relatively to its direct rays and to those which were reflected from surrounding objects, the adaptation of his dress and the temperature of the room to his rheumatic affections, and the different contrivances for taking notes from the books which were read to him, and for impressing on his memory, with the least possible use of his sight, such portions of each as were needful for his immediate purpose—were all of them the result of painstaking experiments, skilfully and patiently made." But the ingenuity of these expedients was less remarkable than the conscientious consistency with which they were employed from day to day for forty years.

Of course the main part of his reading was done by the eyes of secretaries. When he began, he could not find a reader who understood Spanish; but he was not daunted, and he listened to volume after volume of Spanish read by a person who did not understand a word of what he was reading. In time it came to his having to decipher ancient, and often almost illegible, handwriting by means of the sagacity and readiness of others; and all that he could use for himself were short notes or extracts, written out in a large round hand, from passages which he had told his secretary to mark in the course of the reading, and the words of which he could take in rapidly and easily in his subsequent hours of meditation. If his eye happened to be refractory or threatening, these notes were read over to him, sometimes a dozen times, with any others which he might have written down, and had transcribed in the same large hand, of his own thoughts. Another of his contrivances was reprinting, in large type and on one side only of the page, the portion of an important book—the book specified was the translation of Ranke's *Spanish Monarchy*—which he wished to have continually at hand. But it is curious that, in spite of Thierry's advice and example, he seems never to have adopted the plan of dictating. He wrote his works with his own hand, using what seems a clumsy and imperfect instrument, called a noctograph, by which his pen, or rather style, was partially guided in writing, without his having to use his eye. But he never put style to paper before all was completely finished. Not only the substance of his work, but the arrangement of sentences and paragraphs, and the wording, were all brought to a perfect shape in his mind, after periods, first of thought and incubation, and then of composition; and writing was a sort of transcription from memory. "The result," says Mr. Ticknor, "was remarkable—almost incredible—as to the masses he could thus hold in abeyance in his mind, and as to the length of time he could keep them there, and consider and reconsider them without confusion or weariness." Two or three chapters at a time were thus kept on the anvil in his memory, without a word of them being written down. "He frequently kept about sixty pages in his memory for several days, and went over the whole mass five or six times, moulding and remoulding the sentences at each successive return." One chapter he went over in this way sixteen times before it was written out. His secretary deciphered and copied out in a large round hand what Mr. Prescott had thus written down, as it were, in the dark; and the work was then laid aside for some months. When the time of revision was come, "he chose the hour and minutes in each day—for they were often minutes—when his eye would permit him to read the manuscript, and then he went over it with extreme care." "This process," Mr. Ticknor says, "he never, I think, trusted wholly to the ear." It was part of the work for which he saved his eye. He thought that what was to meet the eye of another should, once at least, have been seen and judged by the eye of its author.

It is a curious example of the contrarieties of character that this man of self-sacrifice and devotion to labour used habitually to struggle against his indolence and disinclination to work by a system of wagers, or bonds of money, to be forfeited if he had not accomplished his set task in time. It is satisfactory to see that work so conscientious, and a spirit so high and courageous, brought their full reward. Mr. Prescott's immediate popularity, and the serene but very deep zest with which he enjoyed it to the last, recall the happier part of Sir Walter Scott's life, whom, in some of the features of his writing—in his command over the progress and development of a story, his easy, fluent, spirited language, his liberal, manly, and sensible, but not very

profound vein of reflection—Mr. Prescott often brings back to our thoughts. Beyond his own people, the old aristocratic world, literary and social, was freely opened to him. The most flattering compliments arrived from men like Guizot and Humboldt; a closer and more delightful correspondence began with English friends. Mr. Prescott writes familiarly to "My dear Carlisle," and when he came on a visit to England he was received with the heartiest welcome by the Percys and the Howards. It might have been wiser, we think, to have abridged the account of his English visit, and the letters in which he described it; but American biographers and tourists are not alone in feeling the difficulty of reticence. The letters contain some amusing gossip, and show to illustrious hosts—something in the way of Mrs. Stowe—what impression they have made on their illustrious guests; but there is nothing ill-natured in Mr. Prescott's letters, and the main impression derived from them is of the unclouded and unfeigned pleasure with which he enjoyed his welcome. He writes home about sharp sayings of Rogers freshly reported, and about Macaulay's conversation and wonderful memory; about dinners with Sir R. Peel—who, when he came into the room, addressed him in French, taking him for Scribe—and about the startling surprise of Peel's death a few days afterwards. He describes a race at Ascot, a presentation at Court, and a Sunday with the Bishop of Oxford at Cuddesdon, where he was much struck with the Bishop's trees and the Bishop's eloquence, but still more, apparently, with the architecture and painted windows of Cuddesdon church, and the "quite Roman Catholic" character of a service in which the whole congregation joined in the chanting. His general impressions of England have nothing to distinguish them from those to be found in ordinary foreign accounts. They are the common generalizations, with the common looseness and exaggeration, of our virtues and vices. English "bigotry," he writes in 1850, "surpasses anything, in a quiet passive form, that has been witnessed since the more active bigotry of the times of the Spanish Philips"; and even the cultivated Englishman has no knowledge, no range of ideas or conceptions, beyond his own island. Yet probably Mr. Prescott would not have understood why we smile when he tells his wife that, as he looked through the iron grating on the tomb of Walter Scott, the thought suggested to him was that he was looking "through the iron bars which fence in the marble sarcophagus of our great and good Washington"; or when he describes the Duke of Wellington, on his first introduction to him, "as a striking figure, reminding me of Colonel Perkins in his general air, though his countenance is fresher." The fiercest thing in the book is an impatient and sweeping condemnation of Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution*. Mr. Carlyle is utterly wrong, he thinks, in the grim comedy which he interweaves with his account, and the "whole thing is, both as to *forme* and to *fond*, perfectly contemptible." This is a kind of measure of Mr. Prescott's depth. A disciple and admirer of Mably would hardly understand the way in which Mr. Carlyle treats history. But it must be said that it was the measure which he himself very faithfully and modestly took of his own powers and aims. In one of the numerous memoranda in which he reviews his own prospects and capacity, he writes of a work which he was then planning:—

I will not seek to give that minute and elaborate view of the political and economical resources of the country which I attempted in *Ferdinand and Isabella*, and for which I have such rich materials for this reign. But I must content myself with a more desultory and picturesque view of things, developing character as much as possible, illustrating it by anecdote, and presenting the general features of the time and of the Court. The work in this way, though not profound, may be amusing, and display that philosophy which consists in the development of human passion and character. Great events, told with simplicity, will interest the reader; and the basis on which the narrative throughout will rest will be of the most authentic kind, enabling me to present facts hitherto unknown, and, of course, views and deductions not familiar to the student of history.

EMILIA IN ENGLAND.*

IF a novel is bound to be amusing, and to make a man read on until, as Sydney Smith said, he forgets to dress for dinner, either this is not a novel or it is a failure. It is not in the least amusing, and it might easily inspire a sense of pleasure when the dinner hour came, and it was time to leave off reading it. But it is, in its way, very well worth reading, and has more in it than most novels that delight the reader. The fashion of the day is to put all thoughts into the shape of fiction, and to devote a large portion of thought to the analysis of contemporary English society, and of the individuals who fall under its leading types. Therefore, when a thoughtful man has a special point in this analysis to take, he writes a tale to illustrate it. The question is, which shall be the bread and which the sack—shall it be principally analysis, or principally adventure and love-making? The market, we believe, says the latter; but authors are quite at liberty to ignore the market, and choose the former with Mr. Meredith. The special point which has engaged his attention is the growth of sentimentalism of a spurious nicety and priggishness, of a sham grandeur of aspiration mixed with very commonplace aims at social success, which is, he considers, a marked and inevitable feature of advancing civilization. Just as improved agriculture produces fat pigs and very streaky bacon, so, he says, a society increasing in wealth and in the arts of comfort produces this sort of sickly sentimentalism.

* *Emilia in England*. By George Meredith. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

To the persons that display it in an eminent degree, two classes of characters stand in such a contrast as novelists find convenient. In the first place, there are straightforward, open, untutored characters, or the direct opposite; and, secondly, there are neutral characters, partly operated on by the sentimentalism and the social ambition of the main subjects of analysis, and partly impelled by a wavering admiration of the more passionate and direct specimens. This is the play of characters which Mr. Meredith has chosen to illustrate, and those whom such a subject can interest will find it handled with subtlety and ingenuity in *Emilia in England*. They will also be cheered in their studies by coming upon many passages written in excellent English, upon some poetical and some playful touches, and upon many wayside observations full of oddity, picturesqueness, or truth.

The machinery is tolerably simple. There are three Miss Poles, who represent the sickly striving sentimentalism. They have a brother, who is the neutral character; and they have a young musical protégée, who is Italian, passionately fervid and transparently childish. The Miss Poles are the daughters of a retired alderman, and want to have a choicer set than their birth has entitled them to. They chiefly reckon for their promotion on the extreme delicacy, refinement, and loftiness of their manners and characters, on their tact and turn for manoeuvring, and on their determination to stick by each other. Emilia is a young girl with a wonderful voice, whom they find singing in a wood, and whom they invite to their house, in order that the possession of a social wonder may give them celebrity. Wilfred, their brother, makes love to Emilia, and she returns his passion with an ardour far surpassing what he feels, as his respect for society, his subjection to his sisters, and an inborn weakness of character make him continually uneasy under Emilia's love, and lead in the end to their being delighted to give each other up. There is not the faintest attempt made at any character or situation being natural. The whole set of people seem to live in a kind of cloudland, and to behave as no English families ever behaved or thought of behaving. But that is immaterial, for all the story, and all the persons in it, are only vehicles for the analysis of character. Of the Miss Poles, we are told at the outset that "they supposed that they enjoyed exclusive possession of the Nice Feelings, and exclusively comprehended the Fine Shades." They lived in a world of their own, in which they were supreme. Even when they had secured the acquaintance of the great lady of the district, and had admired her manners and knowledge of society, they "allowed themselves to bow to her with the greater humility, owing to the secret sense they nursed of overtopping her still in that ineffable Something which they alone possessed." And Mr. Meredith offers it as a general observation, that persons who nourish the nice feelings, and are intimate with the fine shades, carry with them their own test of intrinsic value. It is the union of this internal sublimity with the utmost attention to the small things of life and the minutest usages of society that Mr. Meredith has set himself to paint. When the sisters first saw Emilia, after they had been venting their enthusiasm and exclaiming that her voice was divine, they discovered that each of the three had noticed that Emilia's bootlace was loose, and that, while admiring her performance, they had each been silently speculating as to the indications of character and condition which this vagrant article might be taken to give. We are perfectly aware that it has now become a sort of profession for educated and able men to study the minuter shades of thought and feeling to which young women are subject, and therefore Mr. Meredith is quite justified in setting himself seriously to solve this important problem—Given three young women with a union of sentimentalism and worldliness, what will be the impression produced on them by meeting with another young woman whose voice is magnificent but whose bootlace is unfastened? Very likely Mr. Meredith's answer is right, and they would think more of the bootlace than of the voice.

Mr. Meredith does not like the sentimentalism he describes, though he maintains that all civilization depends on sentimentalism. So he makes the sentimentalism of the Miss Poles give way under the trials of real life. The agencies that undermine the sentimentalism of young women are apparently two. In the first place there is misfortune; in the next place there is love-making. The Miss Poles have their fine shades and nice feelings roughly dealt with by hearing that their father is seized with paralysis. The sick-room is too stern a reality for sentimentalism. They are further reduced to common sense, or at least are led in that direction, by their father during his illness disclosing to them that he is ruined, and must marry a certain Mrs. Chump because he is her trustee and has spent her money. Undoubtedly it would be difficult for even the most sentimental of young ladies to believe that this is the sort of marriage that is made in heaven. But this is all very plain sailing, and reflects little credit on an analyser of character. Any one could see that sentimental and aspiring young women would be brought down a little by learning that their father was paralytic, ruined, and obliged to marry a woman he had cheated. But it requires a much more ingenious and subtle artist to show how sentimentalism gives way under the pressure of love-making. The Miss Poles are all described as liking to love in an uncertain hazy way, disguising their emotions even from themselves, and utterly puzzling their lovers. A novelist can always say that his heroines are pretty, and a pretty face will make some men do anything, or otherwise it is hard to understand why any one should be supposed to go through so great a bore as making love to such girls as these sisters

are described. However, they are in a novel, and girls in a novel can have as many lovers as the novelist chooses. The second sister, Cornelia, is the most lofty, moony, and super-subtle of the three, and she loves an organist, who is a moody sort of creature, but who is highly educated, wears a tail-coat, and ultimately turns out to be a baronet. They meet in woods, and exchange books and so forth, and one day the organist wants things to make a little more progress. But the lady is far too much in cloudland for that, and wants nothing more than an everlasting reign of sentiment. Now comes the play of nice feelings and the opportunity for intricate analysis. The organist remarks, "You have not to be told that I desire your happiness above all earthly things." The lady, on this, begins to study his clothes, and sees him to be tolerably dressed. "For cynicism, the younger brother of sentiment, and inheritor of the family property, is always on the watch to deal fatal blows through such vital parts as the hat, or the 'h's,' or indeed any sign of inferior estate." But as the gentleman's get-up gives no opening for cynicism to intrude, the lady is obliged to make a reply, which if diplomatic is not discouraging, and to answer, "You know how I love this neighbourhood." They then go on in a complicated play and counterplay of feelings, and at last "they who had never kissed as lovers kissed under the plea of friendship." The chapter is headed "The Pitfall of Sentiment," and the pitfall appears to be that young men who have flirted sufficiently long with vague, dreamy, sentimental girls, will at last bring them to the realities of life by kissing them. The same conclusion ends the flirting in a wood of another of the sisters, as to whom and her admirer we read that "Edward was unaware that Adela was mastering him by talking common sense in the tone of sentiment. He, on the contrary, talked sentiment in the tone of common sense, and, of course, he was beaten." This is so abstruse that we are as glad as the young lady could have been to get to the plain unanalytical kiss which occurs in the next page.

Emilia is woman without civilization, the untutored delightful savage, loving frantically and openly where she does love, and saying straight out without the slightest disguise whatever she feels and thinks. When the sisters first see her in the wood, they ask her whether the place does not inspire her, to which she replies simply that she does not come into the wood for inspiration, but because the women at the farm where she lodges will not let her sing in the house. When a great admirer of music thinks of sending her to Italy, and asks her how much money she has, she candidly replies that she has 4*l.* 1*9s.* in her pocket. When she tells her lover who she is, she appeals at once to a standard which she is unaware is not the standard of society or of a young cavalry officer, and tells him, "My father is one of the most wonderful men in the whole world—he is one of the first violins at the Italian Opera, and own nephew to Andronizetti." When she and Wilfred make love, all the ardour and emotion come from her. When he is away from her, he even asks himself whether he loves her, and soon comes "to shudder to think that he has virtually almost engaged himself to the girl." Not that he gives her up at once, for their love scenes grow warmer and warmer for some time. Only it is she always that is in earnest. As the tale goes on, she loses her illusions, the disenchantment being greatly aided by Wilfred determining to take service in the Austrian army. She even begins to like another man who is of the direct and honest sort, and who goes out to fight for Italy. The end sees her on the point of setting out for Italy to study art for three years, but with an understanding that, if her new lover can wait three years, he may then be rewarded with the affection and domestic companionship of a woman with a superb and perfected voice. When we have got thus far, and have fairly seen Emilia out of England, we lay aside her history with a puzzled feeling, sensible that there has been much to admire in what we have read, but doubtful what is the exact drift of the whole, and perhaps not altogether persuaded by this example as to the great value of all this profound analysis of the characters of young women. What appears to be the concluding lesson of the work may be very true, and few would be inclined to deny that "travelling to love by the way of sentiment, attaining to the passion bit by bit, does full surely take from us the strength of our nature, as if (which is probable) at every step we paid fee to move forward." But whether it is worth while to express this in a novel which is wholly devoted to enforcing it, is difficult to say.

GARIBALDI AND ITALIAN UNITY.*

THE object of this volume is to give an account of the services rendered to Italy by Garibaldi between the spring of 1859 and the close of 1863. Eye-witnesses, such as Captain Forbes and Admiral Mundy, have already furnished the public with trustworthy details of the revolution in Sicily and Naples in 1860. Narratives are to be found elsewhere of Garibaldi's gallant defence of Rome in 1849, and of his brilliant skirmishing campaign among the Italian lakes during the war of 1859. The novelty which his present historian may fairly claim for himself is the arrangement of his materials for the Life of Garibaldi so as to lead up consistently and almost inevitably to his great Quixotic attempt for the completion of Italian unity by the coronation of Victor Emmanuel in Rome, which was put a stop to by Pallavicini's troops at Aspromonte. Published immediately after

* *Garibaldi and Italian Unity.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Chambers. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

Garibaldi's short avatar in England, the book can hardly fail to be read with considerable interest, and it is perhaps not unlikely to infect superficial readers with the enthusiastic belief of its writer, that Garibaldi is a man of infallible political judgment, as well as of undoubted and heroic patriotism. Colonel Chambers appears to consider as the only inexplicable weakness in Garibaldi's character his persistent attachment to and trust in the *Rè Galantuomo*. It may be questioned whether a partisan of so strong a bias is calculated for a critical and permanent biographer.

It has been a matter of habitual assertion among a certain class of English sympathizers with the Italian "party of action," that the Government of Rattazzi literally, and of malice aforethought, entrapped Garibaldi into the mad expedition of August 1862 for the conquest of Rome. Whatever the proofs of any such duplicity may be, they are not to be found in Colonel Chambers's volume, though the assertion is plentifully reiterated. It was excusable that the Bourbon Government of Naples should, in May 1860, both believe and complain that Cavour was conniving at Garibaldi's expedition to help the insurgents in Sicily. Colonel Chambers gives a lucid explanation of Cavour's motives in so conniving, which will hardly satisfy anybody who is not predetermined to rank the great Piedmontese statesman in the class of mere unscrupulous political ruffians:—

He felt that it was not for his comfort to have Garibaldi either at Nice or in Turin during the period when he was finishing the cession of Nice and Savoy. He preferred, consequently, that the General should be in a difficult position in Sicily. Previously to the sailing of the *Marsala* expedition, Cavour took forcible possession of all the arms and money which the General had deposited in Milan under the charge of the Committee for the purchase of the million of muskets; neither arms nor money were at any time restored to Garibaldi. Cavour well knew that the means at Garibaldi's disposal were so scanty as to make success very difficult. The most intimate friend and confidant of Cavour was La Farina. A person in whom he took a great interest wished to join Garibaldi the day before the departure of the General. La Farina telegraphed to his friend not to join Garibaldi, as the expedition would terminate nowhere but at the bottom of the sea.

We may remind Colonel Chambers, out of his own pages, that the melancholy sacrifice of both Nice and Savoy had been consummated some weeks before Garibaldi sailed for Sicily, and consummated in the face of the most vehement opposition made by Garibaldi himself in the North Italian Parliament. We also learn from him that the agents of Mazzini, as well as those of the Turin Government, reported from Sicily the general content of the population, the utter failure of the insurrection, and the hopelessness of any possible expedition in aid of it. Garibaldi left Genoa to make private war against a Power then at peace with the kingdom of which Cavour was the Minister, more from his Decian spirit of self-sacrifice than from any reasonable hope of attaining the wonderful results which followed. This is shown by his letter to Bertani, quoted by Colonel Chambers. Cavour's duty at that moment was to consolidate the newly-gained dominion of Victor Emmanuel in North and Central Italy, and not to involve it in a questionable struggle with Naples in the first year of its birth. It stands upon Colonel Chambers's own showing that Cavour at this time acted honestly both by Garibaldi and by the Neapolitan Government, in word and deed, both by administering the most solemn of "red-tapist and dogmatic" warnings, and by taking material precautions to make the actual attempt impossible for want of means. No lover of Italy can now regret the noble rashness which carried Garibaldi from Marsala to the Volturmo; yet every year since 1860 has proved incontestably that it was both right and expedient for those who were then responsible for the existence and prosperity of the North Italian kingdom not gratuitously to add to their task the burden of conquering and civilizing Southern Italy. Neither Victor Emmanuel nor his Prime Minister had any ground for accepting as a basis of action the Mazzinian theory of "Italy one and indivisible," as long as the real wishes of the peoples of Sicily and Naples in respect of union were unknown or doubtful. Colonel Chambers himself speaks of the feeling of the Neapolitans towards Piedmont and the King of Piedmont as lukewarm, or even indifferent, up to the very date of the annexation; while at the same time he treats it as a crime in the "moderate or Piedmontese party" that they worked with their own materials and for their own benefit, and cared less for the proclamation of Italian unity than for maintaining and developing the new State of which Piedmont was historically and vitally the centre.

Even before this time, Victor Emmanuel had attempted—if we are to pin our faith upon Colonel Chambers's information—to crush Garibaldi by the basest treachery. We learn that, in the course of the campaign of 1859 (at a moment when both the French and the Sardinian armies were straining every nerve to cope with the great Austrian antagonist who nearly drew them into a trap at Solferino)—

Garibaldi received instructions from the King to attack the Austrians at a certain point, being informed also that the manoeuvre was necessary to the plan of the campaign, and receiving a promise that he would be supported by the Piedmontese army. Garibaldi, although he had grounds for suspecting that when the time came this friendly aid might be some distance off, obeyed the directions, using the greatest caution in advancing against the enemy. It was well that he did so, for, as he had anticipated, he found himself entirely unsupported, and had he attacked in earnest, he and his little army must have been entirely destroyed.

The alleged motive for so base and suicidal a piece of treachery is said to have been the wish to prove to the Italian people that volunteer corps were of no use, and that the only hope of

liberation lay in the standing army. Colonel Chambers does not appear to see that such an act on the part of the King of Sardinia at that moment would not only have been a hateful crime, but an insane blunder. Nor does he attempt to reconcile Garibaldi's timely detection of the supposed plot with the language and actions which, from 1859 onwards till Aspromonte, have always marked the intensity of his loyal faith in the character, as well as of his attachment to the person, of Victor Emmanuel. Thorough Garibaldian as he is, we do not think Colonel Chambers fully understands his hero's mind if he judges him capable of devoting his own and so many other lives to the task of laying Italy at the feet of a King whom he positively knew to be guilty of so black a treason against Italy herself. And we doubt equally whether Garibaldi would be ready to endorse his biographer's suggestion that it might perhaps have been a happier fate for him to have fallen in desperate fight before accomplishing the liberation of Sicily or Naples. Colonel Chambers's words are these:—"If Garibaldi succumbed in the attempt, he would most assuredly sell his life at a very high price, and the bitterness which has lately filled the cup of his existence inclines people to think that a glorious death would not have been for him the worst of contingencies." To have sacrificed himself without success in a good cause might not indeed have been "the worst of contingencies"; but to have seen his self-devotion rewarded by an almost impossible success is far better, in spite of any alloy of bitterness or disappointment caused by the painful mistake of Aspromonte.

The whole of Colonel Chambers's volume is disagreeably tinged with the wish to draw an invidious contrast between the Italian King born in the purple and the Italian hero who has given the red shirt a world-wide reputation. Those who remember the broken heart of Charles Albert after Novara, and the humiliation of the conference with the victorious Radetzky which was the first act of young Victor Emmanuel as a King, when the easiest terms might have been purchased by the simple and safe perfidy of retracting the free constitution promised to the Piedmontese people, will not accuse the purple to which the Rè Galantuomo was born of being too luxurious or easy. Nor can any observer who has fairly followed his career (however short the royal moralities may have fallen of the character of an ideal hero) look at him simply as an unscrupulous and wary self-seeker who, "from the first moment that Garibaldi's expedition seemed likely to prove successful, had made up his mind to secure the spoils," or sympathize with Colonel Chambers in "the just contempt the Garibaldian army entertained for their Sovereign." The infallibility which Colonel Chambers claims throughout for his hero would be very incomplete if the scarecrow which is set up in this volume to represent the King of Italy were the only illusion in which Garibaldi believed. The address in which Victor Emmanuel accepted the government of the Two Sicilies (quoted, but not understood, by Colonel Chambers) gives a clearer and truer sketch of his political character and programme than most of Colonel Chambers's revelations. Had Garibaldi read and taken to heart that manifesto with the clear sight of his own natural simplicity undazzled by fanaticism, the inglorious blunder of his later enterprise would have become impossible. If Admiral Mundy reports correctly the conversation held on board the *Hannibal* in the Bay of Naples between Garibaldi and Mr. Elliot, early in September 1860, before Cialdini had been ordered to move against Lamorgine, Garibaldi's own sense of logic must then have shown him that, as a subject, he could not levy war within his own master's dominions. In answer to a hope expressed by the British Minister that no attack would be made upon Venetia, Garibaldi expressed his intention "to push on at once to Rome, and when that city should be in his hands, to offer the crown of an united Italy to King Victor Emmanuel, upon whom would then devolve the task of the liberation of Venetia, and in which he would himself be but the lieutenant of His Majesty." Fortunately for himself, Garibaldi did not at once push on to Rome, because he could not. But for the intervention of Victor Emmanuel, he might perhaps have found Gaeta, if not Capua, the turning-point of his military good fortune. And when he ceased to be the autocratic Dictator of the Two Sicilies, the task of freeing Rome as well as Venice necessarily devolved upon the Italian Government, and the Government alone. The State must have the monopoly of judgment as to the time and manner of attacking the enemies of the State, if it is to be respected or to exist as a State at all. Colonel Chambers perpetually insists upon Garibaldi's intensely English constitutional principles of action. A more thorough appreciation of English constitutional principles might have taught him, in act as well as in word, that when once he had legally surrendered a power beyond the law which events had given him, it was not in his private option to take it up again.

It is true that, when Rome had become the refuge of the ex-King of Naples and the sanctuary of his hired brigands, the outrages which the exceptional position of the Papal city afforded them the opportunity of perpetrating against the security of Southern Italy were enough to intensify in every honest Italian heart the desire that so immoral an anomaly should cease. Rome proved herself not only a *terre des morts* for the Romans, but a graveyard which spread corruption and disease through the provinces around her. It was probably the practical impulse to get rid, as swiftly as might be, of Rome as the national nuisance, which drove Cavour early in 1861 to proclaim as so urgent the necessity of Rome as the national capital. Cavour's assertions of the rights of Italy have in general been justified,

sooner or later, by the event. In this instance he miscalculated the power of inert resistance if he expected an immediate or easy concession of his claim, though the political possibilities of the moment may have plausibly counselled him to urge it so boldly. It may have been wise to parade and strengthen the national sentiment in favour of the city which united all the "historical, intellectual, and moral qualities requisite for the capital of a great nation." Yet outsiders who believe in the future of Italy may be pardoned for thinking that if Rome, with all its qualifications and appurtenances under French protection, were to be engulfed in the Mediterranean to-morrow, Italy would still find herself self-sufficient as a great nation capable of finding or forming a great metropolis. If Cavour's words, which did not succeed in coaxing the Imperial assessor of natural boundaries on the side of Nice and Savoy to give the Italians at once their natural capital, were in any degree answerable for the spirit which led Garibaldi and his volunteers a second time in the levying of private war across the straits of Messina, they contributed to run the hopes of Italy into a great danger.

Garibaldi's apologist for the expedition against Rome which was crushed at Aspromonte is equally convinced of its legality and its sanity. In the first place (says Colonel Chambers, using an argument publicly heard in Garibaldi's mouth for the first time while fevered with his painful wound), Garibaldi was in 1862—through a formal vote of the Roman Constituent Assembly on the 30th June, 1849—the legal guardian of the rights of the Roman people, and, by the resignation of the Triumvirate in his behalf, the Executive of the Roman State:—

When he was wounded and taken prisoner at Aspromonte, when he was neither fighting nor intending to fight, he was marching towards Rome provided with those legal powers which the representatives of the Roman people, elected themselves by universal suffrage, had already conferred upon him, anxious only to deliver these powers into the hands of Victor Emmanuel and to liberate the Roman people from a Government which daily blasphemed God in making a merchandize of Him.

At the same time, we are told by Colonel Chambers, though Garibaldi relied upon this title as legal ruler of Rome for his warrant, he had no intention of making his entry by force. The man who had defended Rome to the last against the forces of Oudinot in 1849—the man who landed at Marsala with 1,007 followers and six small field-pieces, and conquered the Two Sicilies—"never seriously contemplated" anything so mad as an attack on the French troops in Rome in 1862. At the mere whiff and wind of his fell sword, the unnerved Pio Nono would have broken through the ranks of his protectors and escaped to Malta. The French army, being in Rome as the guardians of the Pope, would have been in so false a position when their ward had run away that the Emperor would have withdrawn at once from the occupation, and Garibaldi would have entered Rome, as he entered Naples, without a drop of blood being spilt. This was to be, we are seriously assured, the only possible result of Garibaldi's peaceful progress so rudely stopped by Colonel Pallavicini. Colonel Chambers sets out two proclamations issued by Garibaldi in August 1862, just before or after the crossing into Calabria, which rather contradict the theory that he expected a rose-water revolution at Rome:—

"Young comrades—With smiles upon your lips you have hastened hither to fight against arrogant foreign rulers. . . . Mutilated remnants of glorious battles, it is unnecessary to ask of you bravery in the fight. . . . If I have done anything for the country, believe my words, I am resolved to enter Rome a conqueror, or to perish under its walls. But if I die I am persuaded that you will worthily avenge my death, and will finish my work."

These words, says Colonel Chambers, were intended to serve two purposes—to arouse the people, and to hasten the departure of the Pope from Rome. They were, then, words as brave as those spoken at the bridge by Pistol—words intended to unnerve a poor old Pope surrounded by twenty thousand French bayonets, but bearing no reference to the bayonets themselves. They were not the words of a noble dreamer, borne out of bounds by the force of a devoted self-concentration on the great object for which his faith had already worked miracles, and for which his own and his friends' lives were as dust in the balance, but a brag and a lie, belying the whole of Garibaldi's life. Garibaldi erred; but, if his error is to be apologized for on these grounds, may a kind Providence save him from the panegyrics of a second biographer like Colonel Chambers.

LES DEMOISELLES TOURANGEAU.*

THE modern temper of the French public is notoriously unfavourable to the production of books which appeal to the imagination only. Whatever its origin and whatever its ultimate consequences may be, the fact is undoubted that neither those who write nor those who read find any pleasure in subjects that are not closely bound up with the aspects of real life. The newest and most popular school of French novelists would seem to suppose that the office of imagination in fiction is neither to invent incidents nor to create character, but merely to shed a sort of mellow light over ascertained histories or every-day events. Provided the story has some relation to anything actually going on in the world, its readers will gladly pardon details that are either spun out to an absurdly disproportionate length, or else are in themselves horrible and revolting. Novels which, to the Englishman, are nothing but pits reeking of pruriency and immodesty, appear

* *Les Demoiselles Tourangeau*. Par Champfleury. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1864.

to the French artist in quite a different light. Nothing is further from his design than to provide aliment for impure imaginations. His story is true; the characters are real; the details belong to them and it; and the only true art is the glorification of actual life. And the same theory explains the popularity of books which, to an Englishman, are as objectionable for their dulness as the others are for their indelicacy. If the history of some lives is a chronicle of immorality, so that of others is a chronicle of small beer, and the artist has no right to shrink from the faithful "interpretation" of either one or the other. There is no necessity for us here to discuss the question of the true end of art. The ancients and perhaps most moderns, the Germans notably, hold this end to be the production of what is Beautiful. But there is another school, whose influence is felt in all branches of art, who hold its purpose to be best fulfilled by the simple reproduction of what is Real. To this school in literature the writer whose pseudonym is Champfleury belongs. Perhaps he is the most marked living example of it, and *Les Demoiselles Tourangeau* is a highly characteristic specimen of his style. It is profoundly realist, but realist in the better sense. It is sometimes very dull, it is always unexceptionably decent; and the most discreet of mothers may safely trust her daughters with it, without any apprehension that they will take any harm, or, indeed, even read it to the end. Still it is distinctly a representative book, and should not be passed over by anybody who is interested in the curious varieties of form which literary activity has assumed in France under the dull burden of the second Empire.

Les Demoiselles Tourangeau are three sisters, each of whom is a type of a distinct class of female temperaments. They have a brother, Michel, and the book is written in the form of a journal supposed to be kept by Lucien, who is a medical student and the intimate friend of Michel. Mademoiselle Christine, the eldest of the three sisters, has large black eyes and a delicate constitution, is constantly essaying faint smiles, but fails, and bursts into tears; she undergoes all sorts of exhausting penances, visits the sick, and never omits to attend mass. She stands for the female mystic and *dévote* of common life, and accordingly despises all the pleasures of society, and deprecates the goddess condition of the rest of the world. Her state of religious exaltation carries her into the most disastrous extravagances. Having made herself ill by religious exercises, she is sent to Vichy to recruit, but here, falling in with a Jesuit missionary, her devotional excitement is only raised to a still loftier pitch. Lucien discovers her on one occasion, at four o'clock in the morning, in a trance, with her forehead resting on the cold flags of a neighbouring chapel, and has some difficulty in recovering her by the conventional agency of a glass of cold water. Upon coming round and discovering that water has passed her lips, she bursts out into a bitter invective against Lucien, and declares that she will never see his face again. It appears that she had intended to go to mass that morning, but, having tasted water, of course she was forced to forego her intention. She scorns her health in comparison with the discharge of religious offices. "Monsieur," she would exclaim in a resolute tone, "du moment où la médecine entre en lutte avec la religion, je me range de côté de la religion." Christine goes on from one excess to another. She sees dreadful visions in the night, and fills her room with engravings of death's-heads and cross-bones, and little relics in the shape of bits of the bones of St. Polycarp or a piece of St. Perpetua, until at last life becomes intolerable and she drowns herself. Emelina represents a type of character precisely the reverse of Christine's. She is in religion Voltairian, and rails at the piety of her sister; is a vehement upholder of the rights of her sex, and a grand declaimer against the brutal tyranny of man; and yet, in spite both of her free-thinking and her social science, she is a mere sentimental fool. Lucien illustrates her character by some rich extracts from an album in which she registered what she mistook for her thoughts. After all, they are not sillier than the contents of the majority of young ladies' albums. We have even read aphorisms in printed books not a whit less pretentious nor less absurd. For instance, "FEMME doit être le dernier mot d'un mourant et d'un livre." M. Lucien had to read this in the presence of the writer; so he utters an "Ah, peu compromettant," and reflects inwardly:—

La bizarre littérature que celle des Pensées! Au premier coup d'œil ces Pensées paraissent avoir été pensées; en les relisant, on s'aperçoit qu'un certain assemblage de mots est la règle unique qui a présidé à une phrase confuse. Pourquoi femme doit-elle être le dernier mot d'un livre? Il y a plus d'un livre plein d'intérêt où la femme n'apparaît pas. Pourquoi encore femme doit-elle être le dernier mot d'un mourant? Les êtres vraiment malades pensent peu aux femmes; j'ai vu mourir quelques hommes dans les hôpitaux; aucun n'avait à la bouche le mot de femme.

Another reflection is not inferior in profundity:—"Il y a autant de lettres dans *Femme* que dans *Amour*." M. Lucien, having counted the letters on his fingers, is forced to admit the justice of the remark, though he does not very fully appreciate its cogency. But this is simple and admirable by the side of the thought on the next page, which is the last we shall venture to quote:—"Pas de plus grand vent que l'Amour; pas de feuille plus sèche que le cœur. L'un souffle sans cesse sur l'autre qui vole toujours." Emelina, in short, is as crazy with sentiment as Christine with devotion; but, as the author remarks, sentiment of this kind is less dangerous than mysticism. Emelina, therefore, does not drown herself, but in a mad way runs away from home to Paris, where—in rather a strange scene in which Lucien is glad to barricade himself and his virtue behind a table—she confesses to Lucien that she is passionately enamoured of him, and would like

to become his wife. Lucien, however, disapproves of this too fervid affection, and poor Emelina has to go out to Russia as companion to an eccentric dowager. Sentiment and Religion having thus come to sorrowful ends, Domesticity is tried, and apparently with entire success. Juliette, the remaining sister, possesses all the virtues of housewifery. She concerns herself not very much with religion, and not at all with albums or notions of love and the heart. She attends to the fowls, waters the garden, and looks after the cooking. This fills Lucien with admiration and love, and ultimately he marries Juliette. It is a curious fact that, on the very rare occasions when a French novelist wants to depict a really admirable woman, he almost always draws one like Juliette—a tame cook. This seems to be the highest type of female character of a respectable stamp that they are capable of conceiving. This is the more curious when we remember how many women there both are and have been, in French society, who combine what are commonly styled the womanly virtues with learning and refinement and gaiety. Champfleury is dreadfully behindhand in the state of the controversy on the position and chances of women. Emelina advances arguments in favour of a greater freedom of action and opinion for women, which show that she did not know the true bearings of the points in dispute, while Lucien complacently refutes her with trite sophisms which Mr. Mill, Miss Cobbe, and the rest, have ceased to refute for years. It would be interesting to know how far Champfleury represents the average of French intelligence. If French people generally argue on the subject like Emelina and Lucien, we may safely congratulate ourselves on the far broader ground which the question occupies in this country.

Besides portraying the three sisters with much minuteness, the author, in order to complete a physiological theory to which we shall come presently, has also described the brother at considerable length. Michel is a calm and industrious student, with great sagacity and great originality. He works himself into a fever in compiling materials for a book on an abstruse question in the history of law, but luckily gets better, owing to the tender nursing of Christine, who emerged from her fanatical excesses for the occasion. After ten years of frightfully hard work he publishes his book, and, as people always do in novels, at once achieves a triumphant success. Michel is universally pronounced a man of distinguished genius. Such are the simple facts. But the facts are only the veil of a physiological hypothesis. How, demands the writer, are we to explain the diversity of character among these four children of the same father and mother? M. Tourangeau is an architect, whose head is always teeming with grand schemes which never come to anything, while his wife is a tranquil, motherly dame of the most ordinary type. How did nature from such a union produce a mystic, a sentimental fool, a sensible housekeeper and cook, and a man of genius? Champfleury's solution of the problem is ingenious—with this important drawback, however, that the facts which it professes to explain were invented to illustrate the solution. We must look, says the author, for the origin of powerful imaginative faculties in inheritance; no man of genius can spring from any but a "bizarre" father. M. Tourangeau gives ample proof of *bizarrie* every day. His designs are always vast and brilliant, but always impracticable; his mind is fertile in magnificent notions which never come to anything, and he expends his fortune in splendid follies. Nature from this source wishes to develop a man of genius, but, as a potter takes from the wheel many imperfect vases before he gets one that is absolutely faultless, so nature makes many failures before she reaches the end of which she is in pursuit. She failed first in Christine, who inherits in some degree the imaginative qualities of her father, but is ruined for want of balance. By her enthusiastic devotion she shows the powerful effort of her imagination after a particular ideal, just as Michel pursues the ideal of glory; "but in breaking off all connexion with the world around her she ceases to obey the exigencies of domestic life, and so behold a woman *déclassée* by the fault of Nature, who caused to grow in her character either too much or too little intelligence and will." Then Emelina is the result of a second attempt, as fruitless as the first. She, too, possesses an amount of imagination in excess of her powers of reflection, and rashly believes herself called to lofty poetic destinies. "Par instants la nature m'apparaît comme une sorte d'alchimiste qui verse dans des cornues divers breuvages précieux, pour arriver à la combinaison d'un grand œuvre. Quelquefois la nature semble distraite; la dose n'est pas suffisante; le mélange ne se produit pas; certaines cornues trop chauffées éclatent." After her two failures, nature reposes in the creation of Juliette, whose sound and straightforward character displays no traces of the disorders of her sisters. But nature has learnt experience by her two failures, and at length, "by setting herself courageously to work," produces in Michel "cette imagination d'élite," which results from the combination of the great and lofty dreaminess of his father with the calm practical sagacity of his mother.

Putting aside all metaphors of Nature being a maker of pots or a mixer of potions, what the writer says seems to come simply to this—that children possess the qualities of their two parents in varying proportions, and that the character of the children is a reproduction of the characteristic features of either the father or the mother, or both. If he means that character is, to a large extent, hereditary, Champfleury has scarcely made a discovery. The fact was always too obvious to have escaped notice, although practically, in the bringing up of children both at home and in schools, the knowledge of this fact is seldom turned to any account. But there is another consideration which goes to

the root of the subject, and at once stamps Champfleury's speculation, if intended to have a general value, as utterly superficial. Everybody knows that in physical constitution a child is the representative, not merely of his immediate parents, but of a long line of ancestors. The face of an ancestor who has been hanging in the picture-gallery for a couple of centuries sometimes reappears with startling exactness in the person of his descendant of the seventh or eighth degree. Insanity and other disorders notoriously often pass over a generation, and reproduce themselves in grandchildren or even great-grandchildren. Why should it be otherwise with imagination, or any other mental faculty? As the illustration of a universally applicable theory, the hypothesis of *Les Demoiselles Tourangeau* is far too narrow. Nature, in mixing her *brevages précieux*, has recourse not only to the father and mother for ingredients, but to more recondite elements—existing, it is true, in them, but dormant and unknown, either to themselves or to the outside world. And we object, moreover, to the very neat but unscientific way in which the author, like a good many other people, talks about Nature, as if she were a potter or an alchemist. It is almost ridiculous to say that the mystics, and the silly sentimental folks, and the plain cooks, of the world are all like flawed pots or badly mixed drinks—the failures of Nature in her attempt to create a genius. It all comes of the French passion for incarnating principles. Once lose sight of the simple conception of Nature as an active principle of growth, once make her anthropomorphous, and there is no end of the fantastic hypotheses which clever men may pass off for physiological laws.

MILITARY ENDS AND MORAL MEANS.*

IT is greatly to be wished that a larger number of soldiers were capable of employing, and willing to employ, their abundant leisure in writing about their profession, for it is full of all sorts of interesting problems. Some of these Colonel Graham has tried to discuss in the volume before us. He has produced a praiseworthy but not a very successful book. It is difficult to say precisely what its object is, unless indeed it be to contain all the observations which had occurred to the author on matters connected with the less technical side of his calling. It shows, however, a great deal of very heterogeneous reading. Colonel Graham is obviously fond of serious studies, and rather too fond of solemn quotations. Having occasion to discuss the evidence given before a Committee on Enlistment, he finds it necessary to quote Mill's *Logic*, Dr. Whewell on *Morality*, Pascal's *Pensées*, Adam Smith's *Theory of the Moral Sentiments*, and Tucker's *Light of Nature*, to confute the various heresies propounded by the witnesses, and by those who examined them. It is well to read such books, and it is also well to use them for practical purposes; but a man may argue logically without quoting Mr. Mill, and may assume that recruits would not enlist if they did not like it, without quoting Abraham Tucker to show that "present satisfaction being our constant pursuit, nothing remote could ever move us if it did not afford an immediate enjoyment in the expectation." This, however, is a pardonable foible, and certainly it is by no means an unnatural one. If a soldier does happen to have read a number of metaphysical books, he is likely to be reduced to choose between allying his knowledge *à propos* of enlistments and leaving it altogether unalloyed.

The general scheme of the book is, as we have already observed, rather obscure, but it discusses in succession the following subjects, which are no doubt more or less like each other, and which all relate to war. The first chapter is called *Moral Ascendancy*—it does not very clearly appear why, except indeed in so far as it illustrates, by a number of anecdotes, the influence of individual leaders over armies. The second and third are more practical, and deal with the theory of Voluntary Enlistment, and with Standing Armies. The fourth and fifth relate to Military Eloquence and the Influence of Music; the sixth, to the Causes, Forms, and Policy of War; the seventh—which is divided into seven sections, and fills nearly half the book—relates to Stratagems. It reads like a law-book compiled out of the Reports, and filled with short statements of cases, for it is a mass of precedents taken from the wars of all ages and nations. They follow each other in a singularly confused and bewildering manner. For instance, in a couple of pages we find references to the conduct of Soult at Bayonne, to that of Cæsar at Dyrrhachium, to that of Antiochus before assaulting Seleucia, to the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo in 1707, and to some remarks of Sir William Napier's suggested by the storming of Badajoz or St. Sebastian. The chapter on Stratagems is followed by others on Convoys, Commands, Mutinies, Spies, and Military Duties in aid of the Civil Power. The greater part of the book is open to the observation already made upon the chapter on Stratagems. It is made up almost entirely of quotations collected from every possible quarter; but there is a great want of anything like a power of reducing this mass of materials to any sort of regular order, or of extracting from them anything like a set of general conclusions intelligible to the world at large. Here and there, however, there are to be found interesting anecdotes, and a certain number of questions of more or less general interest are incidentally handled.

The chapter on Enlistments will be read with some interest. In a grim way of his own, Colonel Graham takes what may perhaps

be described as the sentimental view of the subject. He argues stoutly against the notion that the English army is recruited mainly from the blackguard part of the population—from young men who are driven into the army by the pressure of want, or because their characters are so bad as to deprive them of the chance of employment elsewhere. He points out with truth that, so long as the workhouse is open, mere want will not drive a man into the army, and that, enlisting as recruits do at a very early age, they must generally have friends who, for a time at least, would give them a lift in life. His view appears to be that the recruits like a stirring life, a smart dress, and the chance of having adventures and seeing foreign countries. He hardly, however, appears to give prominence enough to the desire of getting out of scrapes. The army is unquestionably a regular Cave of Adullam for young men whose native villages are not exactly cool enough to hold them. Poaching fills the ranks, as it empties preserves, and there are also many heroes in Her Majesty's service who prefer the receipt of thirteen pence a day to a liability in their own parish to pay half-a-crown a week. Still Colonel Graham deserves credit for speaking up for common soldiers. Real service brings out a number of noble qualities in them, and such men as the Napiers were never tired of celebrating their merits.

The chapter on Military Eloquence is somewhat wooden. It is full of clippings from various speeches, including several of Napoleon's famous performances in the Ossianic style. "Almost all Napoleon's addresses of this description," says Colonel Graham, "are modelled on the same form, commencing with the words *Soldiers!*" He adds, with truth, "Upon an English army the effect of similar addresses would be very trifling." The chapter contains one rather humorous story. A French writer on Military Eloquence observed in the first edition of his work, that as to English efforts in that kind there were none. In a later edition he said he had found one as follows:—

En 1702 les Anglais attaquaient Cadix. Voici le discours que le général des assaillans adressa à ses soldats:—

"Anglais, qui mangez tous les jours de bon bœuf et de la bonne soupe, souvenez-vous bien que ce serait le comble de l'infamie que de vous laisser battre par cette canaille d'Espagnols, qui ne vivent que d'oranges et de citrons."

Nous ne ferons point de réflexion sur l'éloquence qui mesure l'honneur et la gloire par la différence du beefsteack au citron.

The humour of the speech itself, and the utter incapacity of the French critic to appreciate it, are both characteristic. The English officer obviously felt that he would not do his enemies the honour of supposing that, in order to get them beaten, anything more was necessary than to exhort his men not to be licked by a parcel of beggars who lived on oranges and lemons (no doubt the old rhyme about the bells of St. Clement's was running in his head). The Frenchman takes it quite solemnly, and supposes that, on so grand an occasion, a man must put on his best clothes in the way of eloquence. Colonel Graham may add the following authentic sample of eloquence to his collection. An officer, more strict than popular, was about to take his men into action, and forming them in a hollow square, he spoke as follows:—"Men! I'm told that some of you've said that you mean to shoot me when you get a chance. If any damned rascal wants to do it, now's his time, for I'm going first."

The long chapter about Stratagems contains a good many curious anecdotes, many of which are too technical to interest general readers. It also contains some speculations on the points of casuistry connected with war. How far is it lawful to deceive an enemy? Why may you not fight with poisoned weapons? &c. A vast number of precedents are quoted upon these matters, one of which certainly suggests a fine distinction. Grotius says that you may "fill wells with dead dogs and horses, but by no means *poison*, that being contrary to the laws of nations." A well full of dead dogs would be about as unwholesome as if it were full of arsenic, but in the one case no doubt it might be said that there was no particular concealment. It is very difficult to make anything positive out of such speculations. All that can be said about the laws of war, as they are called, is that, for one reason or another, a variety of customs have in fact come to prevail and to be considered laudable which to some extent mitigate the horrors and abominations of warfare. As they do prevail, it is the part of humane people to preserve and favour them. This nearly exhausts the question. It is hardly possible to construct anything like a general theory on the subject. We have carried and are carrying the science of destruction to such a pitch that it seems priggish to object to carrying it a little farther. When we think of the consequences of firing Armstrong shells into a crowd of men, or into the inside of a ship, where they will tear and burn and stifle all at once, it seems a little inconsistent to doubt about the lawfulness of firing things which would pour out clouds of arsenical gas, if they could be so contrived as to be safe for those who used them. Probably, indeed, if such instruments were contrived, they would soon come into use. Whatever the theory of the matter may be, there can be no doubt that, where by good fortune a humane sentiment is found surviving the fierce passions which are called forth by war, it ought to be favoured and cherished.

The moral questions, other than those of humanity, raised by a state of war are no doubt very curious. The question about lying is, perhaps, satisfactorily solved by the old doctrine, that the relation between the belligerents is one which raises no presumption whatever that truth will be told, but rather the reverse. The two armies come into the field avowedly to outwit and deceive each other. It is only when negotiation begins that any confi-

* *Military Ends and Moral Means*. By Colonel James Graham. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

dence at all is reposed in an adversary. The question how far it is right to stir up your enemies' friends or subjects to do what in them is wrong is more difficult. May you bribe a general or the governor of a town? It is one of those points which always decide themselves, and which there is no great use in splitting hairs about. No doubt any commander would do it if he thought he could, and he would say, with great plausibility, "By bribing this governor I not only get a great advantage for my own side, but I save the lives of hundreds or thousands of men, which would be destroyed if I took the place in the regular way." Such an argument always would prevail. Whether it ought to prevail is one of the moot points of morals which never can be decided.

There is not much in Colonel Graham's book that will interest or instruct civilians, though here and there it contains an interesting passage. What may be its value to those for whose special benefit it was written we do not pretend to conjecture.

LETTERS FROM ROME.*

THESE *Letters from Rome* are the familiar letters of a Tyrolean priest, who began life as professor in Innsbruck, was sent to Rome as German preacher and rector of the German Church *All' Anima*, and died a prelate and auditor of the Rota. They extend over some six years. It is unnecessary to observe that they do not possess the interest which generally justifies the publication of confidential letters—the interest which attaches to the thoughts and sayings of great men, even in the most extreme *deshabille*. A man's letters are to some extent his inner life, and if his letters are worth reading, his life is probably worth writing. Dr. Flix, the author of these letters, was not, with all his virtues and all the warmth of his friendships, a man who left any mark on his time. The value which belongs to these pages is to some extent independent of the writer; it grows out of the opportunities he enjoyed, out of the things which forced themselves on his attention. At the same time, he deserves full credit for using his opportunities, and not shutting his eyes as strict piety might have demanded. It is true that he wrote for his friends, not for the public, and that his friends were in a country of extreme orthodoxy, where the public would not have tolerated or not have appreciated his revelations. But there are many people of as much ability as Dr. Flix who live in Rome without seeing or hearing what he, though a Tyrolean and a priest, could not fail to see and hear, or who suppress anything of the kind that is forced upon them *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

If any man might be excused for blindness or wilful suppression, Dr. Flix might be. Coming to Rome from a country he loved so dearly as the Tyrol, settling down with much reluctance at first, but finding this gradually yield to an intense love for the place, treated with marked kindness by the Pope, consulted by the Index on German books, and finally raised to a high position in the chief court of justice, he might well have been lulled into unconsciousness of the faults of the system to which he was bound. Yet his testimony confirms everything that has been said of the vices of the Roman Government, of the state of the country, of the hostility the Index shows to all independent science, and of the natural goodness of the Pope, corrupted by surrounding influences and weighed down by years of hopeless misgovernment:—

The Pope is a martyr. His good humour under the circumstances is astonishing. He trusts in God and the Madonna like a saint. His disposition is liberal. He would grant everything, but experience has made him more cautious. The greatest political genius could give no help, for the means are wanting—namely, the honesty of the assistants and military power. The Papal troops are unreliable, and the foreign ones exhaust the treasury. Napoleon plays the magnanimous, but if anything displeases him he will take advantage of it. I think the political rottenness will lead to a vigorous occupation; if this was done with goodwill, and new order and system introduced under its dictatorship, a regeneration might be possible, but not otherwise.

This was written in 1857. Another time we read of an old Cardinal who began to state the charges he had heard against the Government. Antonelli and Galli, the Minister of Finances, interrupted him, but he prayed earnestly to be heard, and when he had spoken fell back in his chair with the words, "Now is a great load on my heart; now I can die happy." But even these political symptoms did not strike Dr. Flix so forcibly as the intellectual state of Rome, which came more strongly before him as he was a student of German philosophy, a representative of German thought across the Alps, and a referee of the Congregation of the Index. Italian literature, he says, is at least a century behindhand. "The Italians are prominent only in a certain casuistical skill for canon law, and they have a great stock of knowledge in dogmatics, Church history, and study of the Bible, though scarcely what would be called science in Germany." With all this, he adds, their pride is overweening, and he is indignant with a Cardinal who told him that youths must come from Germany to Rome to be brought up in the true spirit. We shall see presently what the true spirit, as contrasted with the German spirit, meant. An incidental comment on the Roman mode of education is supplied in an anecdote which will interest Mr. Lowe. A distribution of prizes took place at a school near Rome before the Cardinal Minister of Public Instruction, and a speech for the occasion was delivered by a priest. The subject of this speech was—why the school has not succeeded this year as well

as could be wished; and the reasons given were, that the teacher was away five months, and when he was there the children were not. The Cardinal's comment is not given, but he might have been pardoned if his thoughts wandered to a Revised Code.

Several of Dr. Flix's letters deal with the question of Günther's philosophy, which was condemned by the Index in 1857. Dr. Flix had to draw up a report on Günther, which was read by the Pope, and the gradual change in the aspect of affairs is curiously, as it is half unconsciously, stated. The Pope himself veered and changed in a manner far from infallible, and the best comment on the Pope's inconsistency is the inconsistency of Dr. Flix. In one of his first letters, where he tells us that Rome as a town is sickening to him, that the churches are repulsive, and the domes like balloons of lead, he gives a very pleasing character of the Pope:—"Pio Nono is much fresher and more vigorous than I had expected; there is something quick and hasty in him, but the key-note is kindness and love. He is said to have been very active and practical in his former capacity, but to introduce order into the State is something different here from what it is in Germany. The Italians have an incomparable talent for disorder." Next year, Dr. Flix is consulted on the Günther question, and advises gentleness out of consideration for philosophy and science. If the Pope were to praise Günther in a brief, saying that his views are not all sanctioned but that his endeavour is honoured, it would be enough, for then men of science could fight out the question, and if the Church wanted to settle all learned questions by the highest authority her hands would be full. But soon we hear that the Pope's antipathy to philosophy is greater than ever:—"Three months ago he spoke in a very friendly way of Rosmini, now his tone is very different. He always speaks of philosophy with indignation." Presently, the Günther affair "begins to look very bad; the last anchor of hope was in the Vatican, and now this is broken." The Pope had a conversation with some German priest, and said that he was told there were really doctrinal errors in Günther's books. Dr. Flix is next engaged in drawing up reports for the Index, and it is rather ominous that he begins to censure certain works as irreligious at the same time that he praises the members of the Congregation. In the same page, we meet with a remark on Humboldt's *Cosmos*, that it is like a man inspecting a splendid palace without leaving his card for the master of it, and this paragraph on the Roman censors:—"I find that even the judges of the Index have a respect for learning and thought which I had not expected from the example of the Austrian censors. But Pio Nono exceeds them all in benevolence and magnanimity. If people only knew how much the condemnation of Günther has been demanded by high ecclesiastical authorities in Germany, they would recognise the calmness and prudence with which Rome has acted." After this Dr. Flix reconciles himself gradually to Günther's condemnation. He loses all sympathy for Günther's school when he sees that it is full of arrogance and intolerance. But he does not appear to be ignorant of the prospects that this condemnation held out for all the other schools of German thought, though, being in Rome himself, and finding that there were ways of dodging the Index, he scarcely felt much pity for the future of philosophy. He even explained Günther's sentence to Cornelius by comparing the Pope's action in philosophy to Cornelius's own artistic principles:—"I said the Pope proceeds in his district as you proceed in yours; you are much more severe on Kaulbach than the Pope has been on Günther." Cornelius was quite satisfied with the comparison, but would Kaulbach have been equally contented, or would the thought of Germany which Kaulbach is here supposed to represent? We doubt it very much. It may be well for German thought to be assured that, "in future, philosophy in the Church is to be restricted to two camps of scholastics; no other kind is to be tolerated. Pius IX. is determined to proceed rigorously, and the Index will have more to do than ever. Günther wrote the last Symbolist, he will be for a long time to come the last anti-scholastic in the Church." But then there is one consolation. If the state of philosophy was never before so perilous as it is now, if every one who wishes to be orthodox must take the teaching of Rome for his rule, much may be done by having a friend at court. "Send your MS. to Rome," Flix advises one of his friends; "I tell you this, because the judges are here, because this is the only place where there is that judicial tact which decides what harmonizes with positive faith and what does not. These distinctions are not observed in Germany; and, therefore, if a German wants to philosophize on religious matters, he runs great risk of censure. Some may laugh when a man gets on the Index, many consider it as the first proof of a book's worth." He tells another friend that he spoke to the Prefect of the Index about his work, and the Prefect promised to ignore any charge against it on condition of its being amended in a second edition. The amendments desired were chiefly in terminology, which was to be de-Hegelianised (*enthegelt*) and made Catholic. Two more religious questions come forward in these letters, though in much less detail than this controversy of the relation of science and religion which has been lately developed so much more extensively. What we have quoted are the germs of the Pope's last brief, and the stand that German thought has made against the despotism of the Index is a thing which has long been expected, and has given many premonitory growlings. The other two points referred to are the Austrian Concordat and the Bull of the Immaculate Conception. Of the first we are told that the Archbishop of Vienna proposed that the Church in Austria should be free in all ecclesiastical appointments, but should pledge itself not to name any one who was justly obnoxious to the Government.

* *Briefe aus Rom.* Von Dr. Alois Flix. Innsbruck: Wagner. 1864.

The clause was struck out with the note "*Josephinismum sapit.*" Of the second, we learn that the first draft of the Bull was made by the Jesuits, and was full of texts which were criticized by the German Bishops. The Pope was much offended at the criticism, especially at that of Cardinal Rauscher, who said that the texts did not prove the doctrine; but, much to the Cardinal's surprise, the texts were omitted, the Pope remarking, "This is a mortification for Rome, but we must suffer it, that people may not say everything is dependent on the Jesuits."

We have dwelt chiefly on the religious side of these letters, but there are various personal matters in them which are not without interest. The Pope's character has been quoted, but it would be unjust to pass over what Dr. Flix tells of the Pope's charities. When his carriage stops out of the town, he is at once surrounded by poor, he hears every case, and gives something to every one according to their need. Cardinal Antonelli's reputation for bad French is confirmed, and this is almost the only mention of him. "Cardinal Wiseman I saw often," says Flix; "he is a tall, imposing man; walks upright like a soldier." He was told of Lamennais that he was a small viperlike man, and that on the smallest contradiction he raged till his mouth was covered with foam:—"Arguing with a duchess, he drew up his feet on the sofa where they were sitting, and kicked and shuffled about till she sprang up in terror." King Ludwig of Bavaria said to an architect, "Well, well, what do you think of my statue of Bavaria?" the colossal figure that dominates Munich. "Astonishing, your Majesty, quite astonishing," replied the prudent architect. "Isn't it quite astonishing? Nero and I are the only ones, the only ones who have done anything so great; no one else since Nero, my dear fellow." Dr. Flix was consulted on a case of conscience by a lady. There was a gentleman from Mecklenburg who was ill and a Protestant, and when she tried to convert him, he swore; what was she to do? "I advised her," says Flix naively, "not to give him any cause for swearing." A story of an American who stood before a life-size group of our Lord and St. John, and exclaimed after a time, *Che bella Madonna*, is paralleled by one of a vestry attendant, who asked with great simplicity which was the oldest, the Madonna or Adam. But we are sorry that Dr. Flix should have given a very apocryphal legend of an English clergyman preaching on Ash Wednesday, and beginning his sermon by stating that his faith had been very much shaken by what he had seen in Rome, that if the congregation would allow him to give a history of his religious opinions he would do so, but, if not, he must leave the pulpit. "Speak! speak according to your conviction!" cried the whole assembly. "And now an Anglican before Anglicans delivers Catholic sermons." The idea of an English congregation encouraging a preacher to proceed by a unanimous cry is certainly novel. The colony of German artists in Rome appears more than once in the course of these letters. Overbeck is too soft and sentimental, but his modest quiet is much more noble than the restless ambition of Cornelius, who is still unsated with all his fame. The only excuse for this Dr. Flix charitably supposed to be that Cornelius was not satisfied with his own works, and therefore loved praise even from the commonest people. Yet Cornelius judged others with sufficient arrogance. Of some modern Italian frescoes he spoke in a Latin sentence which is only fit for the columns of the *Morning Advertiser*. The comparison of Cornelius and Kaulbach to the Pope and philosophy is commented on by the fact that Cornelius made designs from *Macbeth* out of rage against Kaulbach. We do not know if the Pope will follow the example, and write his own philosophy as a further condemnation of German thought, or if his last brief may not be taken as carrying out the parallel; but certainly the drawing of Lady Macbeth by Cornelius is not unworthy of comparison with the wordy and inane flitter on the Munich Congress. It is quite in keeping that Cornelius went on to talk ably of the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and said that none but a Catholic could understand it. "But it seems to me," adds Flix, "that Cornelius's Catholicism is much increased by his hatred of the people of Berlin"—which is a very frequent phenomenon, and has given rise to the remark that many who think themselves Catholics are really nothing more than Protestants against Protestantism.

The amiable modesty of Dr. Flix's own character appears in all his letters, even when he has to convey unfavourable statements or to differ from high authorities. But it comes out best when he is appointed Auditor of the Rota, and it is amusing to notice the terror with which he describes the duties demanded of him. An auditor's lodging must have an entrance-hall, two ante-chambers, a throne-room with portraits of the Pope and Cardinals, a room for conversation or receptions, and a study where he must work with his assistants. His private rooms he may fit up where and how he chooses. He must have three livery servants, and two carriages, one for common occasions and one for gala. However, the income is good, 800*l.* a year, half paid by the Pope and half by the Emperor of Austria. "An ambassador told me that an auditor was expected to go into society and to entertain, but I said this could not be expected of me. A Cardinal asked me what livery I intended to give my servants. I replied that I had never thought of it. He said, 'The auditors generally retain their family livery.' 'In that case I must give them white livery,' I said. 'Ah! is that the colour of your house?' 'Yes, Eminence, for my father was a miller.'"

JANITA'S CROSS.*

A DUTCH painting is a pleasant thing to look upon, after all, let the author of *Modern Painters* say what he will. We admit that it is not high art, but it is intelligible art; and to be intelligible is something in these days of æsthetic exaltation. We cannot all be expected to enter with enthusiasm into the theory of coloured shadows, or to appreciate the gradations of aerial perspective; but we are all, to a certain extent, qualified judges of a Mieris or a Gerard Dow. We recognise truth when it is brought before us. We know what hard work means, and we have some notion of the value of finish. The subjects, too, of those old Dutch masters are simple and homely. They ask nothing from us in the way of classical or historical knowledge. They seldom go beyond a figure or two, or depict other than the commonest incidents of domestic life—such as a girl leaning out of a window, or a couple of boors hobnobbing across a table, or an old woman cutting cabbages at her cottage door. But then the girl's elbows are buried in a wondrous piece of Turkey carpet, so rich and real that one is almost tempted to take up the other end, and help her to shake it; or the Rhenish glows like liquid topaz through the cool green of the bell-shaped German glasses; or that old battered brass pan into which the cabbage is about to be thrown catches a dazzling gleam of sunshine along the outer line which throws every adjacent picture into shadow, and almost makes our eyes ache as we look upon it. Be it high, or be it low, we repeat that this is a pleasant kind of art; and the best proof that its pleasantness has something real and satisfactory is to be found in the fact that the world has liked it for the last two hundred and thirty years, and shows no sign of change.

The novel before us belongs to the Dutch school of painting. The story is slight, and the incidents are commonplace. Meadowthorpe is just such a village as we all know perfectly well, somewhere or other "down in the country"; and the people of Meadowthorpe are very ordinary people, who say and do precisely what our own country neighbours would say and do under the same circumstances. They utter no exalted sentiments, they indulge in no poetic flights, they cherish no fatal mysteries. On the contrary, they go about their daily avocations gossiping, scheming, loving, and hating in the least sensational manner imaginable. All this is natural and credible, and is besides very carefully done. The author has taken up her subject in the true Dutch spirit, and has gone to work with a miniature brush and a large stock of patience. All the heads are portraits. All the backgrounds are finished on the spot. All the foregrounds are elaborate studies. No detail, however trivial, escapes her. Conscious, apparently, of the exceeding simplicity of her fiction, she would seem to have aimed at such a degree of finish as should make it look like fact. And she has, to a certain degree, succeeded. Her characters are distinctive and life-like, and talk, not like books, but like real men and women. Her English landscapes and English interiors are very accurately drawn and highly coloured; but she has taken almost too much pains with them, and they occupy too much of the book. Very minute painting is a good thing up to a certain point, but beyond that point it must have something more than mere accuracy, or even prettiness, to recommend it, or it becomes tedious. Hogarth is not tedious when he touches in the delicate threads of the spider's web over the mouth of the poor-box; but then his elaboration carries wit and wisdom along with it. Thomas Hood is not tedious when he enumerates "the very stains and fractures on the wall," and all the moths, maggots, and centipedes that swarmed about the deserted chambers of his haunted house; but this is because each line adds to the solemn poetry of the scene. Both were Dutch painters in the best sense and the highest degree, and both knew precisely on what subjects to bestow their labour. But the author of *Janita's Cross* too frequently lavishes hers in the wrong place. She is evidently a keen observer, but she records her observations with a liberality which would be all the better for a little wholesome restraint. We do not want to know all the topography and all the small-talk of a little country village. If a pretty housemaid takes a walk with her sweetheart on Sunday afternoon, we can dispense with an itinerary of the road. If one of the Meadowthorpe ladies invites her neighbours to "a modest six o'clock tea, with supper at eleven," we do not particularly care to know where she bought her fowls, or what wine she placed upon the table. If a sitting-room is to be described, we submit that an inventory of the old china on the chiffonier is surely not a matter of necessity, and that to devote half a page to the portraiture of a tapestry-stool is nothing short of "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

The story, as we have already observed, is slight enough. Janita Raeburn is an orphan. She was born at sea, and has been brought up by a kind Scotch family resident at Inverallan, a romantic little village not far from Edinburgh. Here she is found by her great uncle, Professor Jabez Ruthven—an abstracted bald-headed mathematician, formerly of St. Andrews, who lives at Meadowthorpe with his maiden half-sister, Miss Hepzibah Ruthven. Miss Hepzibah is an undoubted descendant of the immortal Betsy Trotwood; and is described as a spare angular virgin, with "a large heart, and a tough, stringy, nervous system." With this uncongenial pair, little Janita Raeburn, now nineteen years of age, comes to live in Meadowthorpe Close, and Miss

* *Janita's Cross.* By the Author of "*St. Olave's.*" 3 vols. London: Hunt & Blackett.

Hepzibah undertakes to form her mind and her habits, and "make a woman of her."

Janita Raeburn is "not exactly beautiful"—modern heroines never are; and she is somewhat hot-tempered, which modern heroines invariably are; but she has "a sweet face—a face which might sink down into some one's thoughts, and stay there always"; and is, besides, a warm-hearted, sensible, genial little person, with a sincere desire to do her duty, a fair share of "proper pride," and an undeveloped talent for the writing of poetry and magazine articles. At Meadowthorpe she becomes intimate with Miss Alwyne, a model authoress with an elevated tone of mind, who writes novels for the consolation of her sex, and nurses Janita through an illness brought on by Miss Hepzibah's system of training. Here, also, she makes the acquaintance of the Meadowthorpe society in general—of the Misses Vere Aubrey, whose ancestors came in with the Conqueror; of Mrs. Narrowby, the wife of the Meadowthorpe architect, who looked upon the village poor, "not as fellow-creatures at all, but only conveniences for the exercise of the charitable virtues"; of the three Misses Narrowby and their brother Longden, a good young man, whose affections are regulated by his mamma; and, finally, of the Rivers family, who arrive in Meadowthorpe towards the close of the first volume, and are established at the Hall. The Rivers family consists of Gavin Rivers, the Duke of Dykeland's land steward; his mother, a Roman Catholic devotee; and his sister, Noelline Rivers, a beautiful, sinister, golden-haired sylph, sweetly false and unexceptionably elegant, who fascinates all Meadowthorpe, and holds confidential chats with her squire, after the fashion of Dora Spenslow. Engaged herself to an aristocratic Colonel, Noelline Rivers has made up her mind to get her brother well married. She has already broken off his first engagement, and caused the death of an amiable young person named Laura May; so that one is fully prepared for the treachery by means of which she blights the growing affection that springs up, as a matter of course, between Gavin Rivers and Janita Raeburn. Gavin Rivers is a hero of the practical type—such a hero as lady novelists delight to picture—grey-haired, broad-shouldered, curt of speech, deliciously obstinate and manly, and given to pacing moodily to and fro with folded arms and downcast eyes, much to the detriment of the Turkey carpet, which, we are told, "bore his mark upon it in the shape of a track worn from end to end by his heavy footsteps." After having made some very paternal love to the Inverallan "littie," this broad-shouldered steward, somewhat improbably, lends a believing ear to all that Noelline chooses to say about Janita Raeburn and young Longden Narrowby; takes their engagement for granted without asking a question; and quietly drops into all his sister's plans by offering his hand to Elene Somers, a fair and placid beauty "like a mould of blanc-mange," and the daughter of the Dean of St. Olave's. To this lady he is married in the middle of the third volume; and then uncle Jabez dies, and Miss Hepzibah retires into Lancashire; and Janita, saddened but brave, "changed from the bright buoyant girl to the steady, almost dignified woman," goes up to London, resolved to earn a living by her literary talents, and make her own place in the world. She does this, and becomes so celebrated that when she goes into society her name appears next morning in the fashionable papers amid the lists of "distinguished guests." Truly, there is something very beautiful and touching in this intimation of how a wounded spirit may find consolation in the columns of the *Morning Post*.

At one of these fashionable and intellectual gatherings, Janita once again encounters Gavin Rivers, who is far from happy with the mould of blanc-mange. After a few more weeks he calls upon her, and the following conversation ensues:—

"Janita," he said at last. It was the first time he had called her by that old name. "I came to tell you something, and you must hear it before I go. You say you remember that afternoon, four years ago, in the drawing-room at the Aspens?"

"Yes, I do remember it."

"I meant to have told you then what it is too late to tell you now. But we will let that pass. You may remember that Longden Narrowby called before I left. When I went back to the Hall, my sister told me you were engaged to him, and that by coming to see you so frequently I was trespassing upon the rights of another man. I could not meet you again, Janita, as only a friend. You know the rest."

Janita made no reply. If, as Gavin's words revealed to her all that might have been, some regretful thoughts stirred in her heart, those regrets never passed into speech. He had not been false to her, then. This Gavin Rivers was still an honourable man. Instead of deceiving her, another had deceived him. She might give him back her respect, her esteem, even a little of her trust. But nothing more than that.

"You know the rest, Janita."

"Yes."

"I believed what my sister told me, partly because I knew Mr. Narrowby came very frequently to your house, partly because Noelline gave me her authority. Mrs. Narrowby told her, she said."

"Then Noelline told you a falsehood. That never was true, and it never will be."

Janita kept back all the passionate anger which rose within her as she spoke these words, but she did let a touch of pride ring through her voice. Perhaps Gavin Rivers noticed the quick, disdainful gesture which she unconsciously used, for he began to apologise.

"You must forgive me for telling you this. I have learned since that it was not true. But it seemed just to myself that you should know. Do you understand now?"

"Yes. It was well that you should tell me. I am very sorry that your sister should have deceived you so."

"And so am I."

Mr. Rivers said that bitterly, very bitterly. Janita could not but understand what those tones meant. But with such bitterness she could not intermeddle. No words of hers could heal it now.

So they bade each other good-bye, without any sort of demonstration or

scene-making. As two friends part who respect each other to a certain extent, who have many memories in common, who have sat by the same fire-side, and called the same village home, so Janita Raeburn and Gavin Rivers parted. . . . Next day Mr. and Mrs. Rivers went back to Meadowthorpe Hall, to the magnificent suite of oak-panelled rooms and embroidered window-curtains, to the Turkey-carpet and family plate, and ancestral portraits, and "very valuable household effects," which, having nothing else worthy of the sacred name, they called home.

After this, the experienced novel-reader knows what to expect. Mrs. Rivers dies in giving birth to a son; the baby dies too; and, after an absence of three more years in Rio Janeiro, the broad-shouldered steward comes back to Meadowthorpe, and marries Janita Raeburn.

Besides this story of Janita and Gavin Rivers, there is the story of Bessie and Roy, a pair of rustic lovers, the former of whom is Miss Hepzibah's housemaid, and the latter a stalwart young carpenter, who holds his head like a prince, and ought to have been a duke at the least, if nature had not placed the workman's cap on his brow by mistake for a coronet. This Roy is as undeniably modelled upon Adam Bede as Bessie is modelled upon Hetty Sorrel; but the characters are naturally drawn, and their story is in many respects the pleasantest part of the book. The influence of George Eliot makes itself felt, indeed, throughout *Janita's Cross*; more especially in the rustic episodes down by the brig-foot and the Duke's yard, where the Methodist element comes out in great force in the character of Larry Stead, while the Church interests are supported by Destiny Smith, and Roy stands forth as the champion of tolerance and moderation. These discussions, however extraneous their inspiration, are very well done. There is not only sense and humour, but sound doctrine, in this argument of Roy's:—

"Different people—people, you know, as lives in different climates, want different sorts o' food to keep 'em along healthy. Now there's the Hindoos—it's a frightful hot country is Hindostan—folks is hard set to keep themselves from melting right away, and they never eat nothing but boiled rice. Then there's the people up in Greenland; that's far away north, you know, where frost and snow never gets clear broken up all the year round, and men has to hap themselves up, face and everything, in furs, or the cold would bite 'em to pieces in no time; and in Greenland they live upon nothing but fat—fat, and oil, and grease. It suits 'em, and they wouldn't say thank you for the best rice that could be bought."

"Goodness!" said Larry, "what goings on there is in the world to be sure! It's full need the missionaries has to go to them there places. But Roy, I don't see how you can make that fit in to what we was talkin about—church and chapel."

"Wait a bit, Larry. Well, I was wonderful interested with this. I read it over again, while I had it fairly off. And as I was turning it over in my thoughts, coming home, it seemed to me that it was a sort of thing as might be made to work two ways. People's minds is made different, same as their bodies is. And religion, I mean the outside shape of it, has to be cut to suit 'em. And now this is what I think; we've no right to find fault with them as doesn't mind the same sort o' form we do, no more than we ought to laugh at a Hindoo because he hasn't a relish for fat, or a Greenlander 'cause he can't live all the while on boiled rice. Men's minds wants different sorts o' food, just as their bodies do; and they'll go with a sort of instinct to that sort as suits 'em best."

We have said enough to show that there is real cleverness in *Janita's Cross*, and a good deal of genuine hard work; but we have yet a word or two to add about the style. The author has evidently made up her mind to eschew fine writing. Her sentences are often studiously brief, her English studiously familiar; and yet to this very simplicity and apparent conciseness is united a tediousness of elaboration that tries the patience of the reader almost beyond endurance. She has also an unlucky habit of inverting her phrases which is particularly aggravating; as, for instance, when she describes a bit of road as "slippery, very," and says of her hero that he was "peculiar, rather." Scarcely less objectionable are the apostrophes to her characters in which the author of *Janita's Cross* indulges, *ex cathedra*, at every opportunity. She exhorts Bessie to "take care," Janita to "wait," and Roy to "hope on," in the kindest manner imaginable, and, like a literary Pumblechook, sometimes even condescends to pat them on the back. This sort of thing is insufferable—quite as insufferable in a novel as in real life. These, however, are mere errors of style, easy of avoidance. Grammatical and lingual errors are less pardonable, especially in a writer who ought to know so much better. We should like to know in what dictionary the author of *Janita's Cross* found such abnormal words as "embrangled," "transmogrified," "dolesome," and various others equally harmonious. They are certainly not English, and we doubt if they are even American.

So much for *Janita's Cross*. We recognise in this author a capacity for doing better things. She is an accurate observer of character and scenery, and knows how to give reality to what she writes. She must not, however, try to be too real. Let her paint in the Dutch style, and welcome; but let her not try to be more Dutch than a Dutchman. A gallery of Holbein portraits, be it remembered, is one thing; a gallery of photographs, another.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

THE present volume of the Philological Transactions is perhaps more pretentious in its character, but it pleases us less, than some of those which have gone before it. One paper, that by Mr. Cayley on English Hexameters, or more strictly on Greek Accent and Quantity, reached us some time back in a separate form, and has been already reviewed in our pages. Most of the

* Transactions of the Philological Society. 1862-3. Berlin: A. Asher & Co.

papers are more purely technical than many of their predecessors. We miss Mr. Ernest Adams and his creeping things; Mr. Key hardly supplies his place with a paper on the names of Water-fowl. And the longest and most important paper in the volume is one to which we have a very decided objection at starting. This is one, also by Mr. Key, headed "The Sanskrit Language as the basis of Linguistic science, and the labours of the German School in that field—are they not overvalued?" This strange and cumbersome title introduces a paper which certainly ought never to have been written. It is an attempt to depreciate the labours of the Sanskrit scholars by a writer who, by his own confession, is unqualified for the task. Mr. Key at one time thought of heading his paper, "Doubts of a non-Sanskritist." By his own avowal, he is "ill-equipped;" he does not understand the Sanskrit language. Why, then, write about it? We fully enter into Mr. Key's general position. Sanskrit is a new study, and open to the fate which attends all new studies. Any one might say beforehand, with even less knowledge of the matter than Mr. Key, that the votaries of the Sanskrit tongue would be likely to exaggerate the value of their favourite study, and would certainly go wrong on some particular points. We might say this, simply because the like has always happened on the introduction of any new study, and because Sanskrit scholars are no more exempt from human weakness than other people. So to say implies no sort of disrespect towards Sanskrit scholars; they must themselves expect to make some mistakes in their early attempts, which later generations of scholars will correct. So it has been with every study; so it doubtless must be with Sanskrit. But those mistakes must be found out, not by people who do not understand Sanskrit, but by people who do. As it is, the study of Sanskrit is rare; a knowledge of the language is a distinction which one who possesses it may easily be tempted to overvalue. The outer world in like manner is tempted, according to its disposition, either to blind admiration or to ungenerous suspicion. The time for Sanskrit really to find its level, and for the presumptive errors of early Sanskrit scholars to be corrected, will be when the knowledge of the language becomes much more common—when to understand Sanskrit will be no more a special distinction than to understand Greek. As it is, an outsider can fully take in the general position of the Sanskrit language. He can see that Sanskrit scholars have fully made out their general point; he will allow for a little overvaluing of the favourite subject; he will expect to find some errors in detail pointed out in the course of time, but, if he is a wise man, he will not attempt to point them out himself. We mean of course that he will not attempt to point out errors a judgment of which involves a knowledge of Sanskrit. If a Sanskrit scholar makes mistakes by the way about other matters, that is another thing, because, if numerous and important, they will lessen our confidence in him within his own range. But no wise "non-Sanskritist" will attempt to set Sanskrit scholars right within their own range; he will leave the task to those who can grapple with them on equal terms. This rule of simple prudence has not been followed by Mr. Key. We will not enter into details with regard to a paper which strikes us as a mistake in its very idea; but we cannot help remarking a sort of ungenerous pleasure which Mr. Key seems to show in tripping up, or fancying that he is tripping up, Professor Max Müller on every occasion. We object also to the heading "the German School." Mr. Key tells us that he writes without national prejudice. Why, then, adopt a formula which so strongly savours of it? We know that in theological warfare it is a received stratagem to jumble together all manner of opinions, however discordant, which it is wished to make unpopular, under the common name of "Germanism," "the German School," and the like. We do not wish to see this sort of weapon imported into philological discussion.

Some of our readers may remember a paper by Mr. D. P. Fry "on the last syllable in the words Knowledge and Wedlock," showing very clearly, as we thought, that the syllable which assumes two such different shapes is one and the same Old-English ending, and that to connect Wedlock with lock in the sense of tie or bond, tempting as it sounds, is mere delusion. Mr. Fry now returns to the subject, and endeavours, seemingly with success, to establish the existence of two distinct, though kindred, terminations, *lac* and *leic*; but when he calls one "Anglo-Saxon" and the other Scandinavian, he is approaching more dangerous ground. The two are apparently dialectal forms; but here, as ever, we are met by the invariable difficulty, How much is strictly Scandinavian? how much is merely Anglian? The conclusions to which Mr. Fry comes on the whole matter are as follows:—

The facts now adduced appear to me to justify the following conclusions:—

1. That whilst the suffix *-lac* was Anglo-Saxon, the suffix *-leic* was Scandinavian.
2. That whilst the suffix *-lac* = "ing," formed nouns from verbs, the suffix *-leic* = "ness," formed nouns from adjectives.
3. That whilst the A.S. suffix *-lac* still exists in *knowledge* and *wedlock*, no trace whatever of the Scand. suffix *-leic* remains in Modern English.
4. That whilst *-lac* continues in *wedlock* almost unaltered, it has apparently undergone in *knowledge* the following successive changes—1. *lac*; 2. *leic*; 3. *leche*; 4. *ledge*; the change to *-leche* having perhaps taken place at some time during the 12th century, and the further change to *-ledge* having probably occurred at about the close of the 15th or beginning of the 16th century.

It must not be omitted that a third form occurs, namely, *-lezze*, which is found extensively in the Ormulum; but the curious thing is that it does not seem to have been used by Ormin

himself. In a great many cases where Ormin had written the common termination *-ness* (in various spellings), the *-ness* has been changed to *-lezze* "in a ruder, but apparently contemporary hand."

There is also a curious paper by Mr. Morris on the word "Groveling"—a word which probably every one would, without much thought, set down as a participle, or at any rate as a gerund or verbal substantive in *-ing*. The word, however, it seems, is an adverb, as Mr. Morris seems successfully to make out by an abundance of quotations and analogies. *Groff*, *groufe* (in half-a-dozen different spellings, English and Scotch), means *belly*; to lie *groveling* (not *groveling*) is to lie on the belly. The spellings are infinite—*grovelynge*, *grovelings*, *groflynges*, *gruflyngis*, *gruflyngs*, *groflyns*, *gruflyngis*, *gruflyng*, all clearly used adverbially. Among a heap of analogies, English, Lowland-Scotch, German, and Dutch, we may select *headlong*, *sidelong*, *sidelins*, *ruglinge* (Old Engl.), *ruggelings* (Dutch), *rickling* (High German), *baklingis*, *darkling*, and a most admirable word, the exact opposite to *groveling*, namely *noselynggys*, *noselynge*, *näslings*, meaning *supinus* or "lying on the nose." There is also *wombelyng*, of exactly the same meaning as *groveling*, *womb* of course being used in the wider sense which it still retains in Lowland-Scotch. Some of these forms are very curious. *Darkling*, like *groveling*, has been mistaken for a participle, while "*headling*" and "*sideling*" have got corrupted into "*headlong*" and "*sidelong*," from a mistaken notion that they had something to do with *long*. Again, we rather think that we have heard the word "*sideling*" used as a participle, and we strongly suspect that the verb to "*grovel*" has no real existence, but has been inferred from the supposed participle "*groveling*." The verb seems not to be used by any old author, nor to be found in the older Dictionaries.

It is by straightforward and rational inquiries of this sort that the Philological Society does real good, and not by the more ambitious flights of Mr. Key. Mr. Key, indeed, strikes us as being unlucky in two or three ways. He has a paper on the names of waterfowl, in which he rather makes ducks and drakes of his philology. The part with which we are most concerned is rather a long story, still we will let Mr. Key set forth his theory for himself:—

But whence our term *duck*? It is commonly, I believe, derived from the vb. *duck*, and the connexion between the Lat. vb. *mergo* and the sb. *mergo* "a diver" is quoted in support of the view. Yet the stream of derivation may very possibly in both these cases flow the other way. The vb. *mergere*, like its relative the vb. *vergere* "to pour" (a different vb. by the way from that signifying "to incline"), seems to come from the same root with *mar-* "water, sea" (= *वरि vari* "water" of the Sanskrit), so that *mergus* may originally signify "the little water (one)." This will be exactly paralleled by another set of words in the Latin language. From the same root *uer-* come *urna* "a pitcher," *urina* "water" in a peculiar application of the word, and a vb. *urina-ri* "to dive," which by its reflective form points our attention to a theoretic noun *urina* "a water-bird," more literally perhaps an adjective with *avi-* "understood." For as *græcar* is "to play the Greek," *medicari* "to act the physician," so *urina-ri* ought to denote the playing the part of a "urina." But if I reject the derivation of the sb. *duck* from the vb. *duck*, what explanation do I give of the sb. itself? The Norse shall answer. The name for a duck in this language is *and*, but it is a well known law of this language that the peculiar vowel-sound *ö* never enters, unless the next syllable contains a *u*. Thus *dör* "a spear" is admitted to be an abbreviated form of *dörr*, therein agreeing in a remarkable manner with the Greek *ἄσπερ*. But I have elsewhere given reasons for the belief (and this long before I had any special view as to the etymology of the word *duck*) that nouns in *u* (Eng. *ow*) have lost a final guttural (Proceedings for 1856, pp. 223, 225, &c. and 229, §§ 4, 5; and again 320). Thus *genu-*, A.S. *encow*, "knee," has for a dim. *genuc-ulo*, Eng. *knuck-le*, Germ. *knöch-el*; and from the sb. *metu-*, Plautus (Most. V. 1. 52, MSS. C. D. of Ritschl) deduces an adj. *metuc-ulo-oo-*. Following out this law I hold *öndu* to be itself a corruption of *önduk*, whence by decapitation we obtain *duck*, precisely as from *andrake* we obtain *drake*.

Mr. Key, in reckoning up *vīrra*, *anat-ente*, and their congeners, leaves quite out of sight the fact that the true Old-English name for the bird was the cognate *ened*. In this shape it was the nickname or name of endearment of a West-Saxon Queen, the first wife of King Eadgar, if we rightly remember. *Duck* is evidently a pet name, meaning the bird that *ducks*. Mr. Key forgets that the verb to *duck* has a German cognate *tauchen*, whose existence quite upsets his notion of the verb being derived from the bird. There are other cases of a pet name supplanting the real name of an animal, as "donkey" for "ass," "robin" for "redbreast;" so in French *Renard*, from the famous beast-epic, has completely driven the word *volp* out of the language. In English too we often talk of *Reynard*, but always as a sort of proper name. While among these names of ducks and geese, may we tell a story? We have heard of a Welsh clergyman whose flock consisted mainly of ancient Britons, but with a small sprinkling of Saxon intruders. His manner therefore was to preach in Welsh, but, when he said anything which he thought specially edifying, to turn round and translate it into English. One day, after a passage delivered in Welsh with much oratorical force, he turned round, "And now, my English brethren, I will tell you what I just before said in Welsh:—*Satan is like the cock-goose*." It seems that the Welsh for *gander* is literally the *cock-goose*, but the details of the comparison between *Satan* and the *gander* were too mysterious to be revealed to Teutonic ears.

In the same paper Mr. Key has the following wonderful sentence:—

Nay, the Greek *ἀναρ-* or rather *ἄναρ-* is probably one in origin with the German *könig*, and derived from the Oriental *khan*, for the idea of "king" has special relations with the Eastern world.

And again, in quite another part of the book:—

The word *king* itself, A.-S. *cyn*, contracted from *cyn-ing*, seems also to possess such a suffix, and in its first element to be the same with the Asiatic *kan*.

Does Mr. Key really not know the meaning of *cyn*, *kin*=Greek *γινω* and all its brethren? What on earth have either Greeks or Teutons to do with Turks? and what "special relations" has the Teutonic idea of a King with what Mr. Key vaguely calls "the Eastern world"? This, be it remembered, is the man who sets himself up to correct Bopp and Max Müller.

We must however thank Mr. Key for one remark. Many readers of Percy's Reliques have doubtless been puzzled by forms like the following:—

*The tone of them was Adler young,
The tother was King Estmore.*

"Tother" for "the other" is familiar enough; but what is "the tother"? and, still more, what is "the tone"? Mr. Key shows, by comparison with Chaucer and other instances, that the common form is a mere miswriting, and that it ought to be "that one" and "that other."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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This Club is to be erected in the immediate vicinity of Pall Mall; a temporary Club-house
will meanwhile be opened for the accommodation of the Members. The proposed name of the
Club will be submitted to the first General Meeting of Members.
No Entrance Fee will be paid by the first 1,000 Members. Subscriptions, however small, will
Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Membership may be obtained of the Secretary,
at the Offices of the Club, 33 Pall Mall, S.W.

A CASE for the KIND-HEARTED.—The attention of the
Benefactor is called to the following painful Case. The late Mr. C. A. K. was for
Twenty-six years in a Government Office. He died (a First-class Clerk), after a short illness,
in January 1864, at the age of Forty-four, leaving a Widow and Four Children (the eldest seven
years of age), with the prospect of an addition to the number. The Deceased, up to a very late
period, had an Income of less than £300 a year; and the pressure of Liabilities of long standing,
with the claims of a young Family, prevented his Assuring his Life for more than will
suffice to discharge his Debt and Liabilities, and leave a Surplus of £100 or £150. Though the
Deceased was so long a Civil Servant of the Crown, no Pension is payable to his Widow, who
now finds herself, with a young Family, destitute altogether of the means of living. It is
desired to Purchase a Nomination for one of the Children in one of the Orphan Asylum, and
to place the Widow in some position to earn a subsistence. Subscriptions, however small, will
be thankfully received by C. E. LAURE, Esq., 25 Hamilton Terrace, N.W., and 31 Old Jewry,
who can personally vouch for the meritorious nature of the case.

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Travels, Poetical and Dramatic Works, numerous Law Books, State and other Trials, Law
Journals, and works in all classes of Literature, all of them in good preservation, many illus-
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Bridger's History of the Antiquities of Northamptonshire, by Whalley, plates, 3 vols. uncut;
Baker's Northamptonshire, parts 1 & 2, plates. In 4to. ac.—Throsby's Leicestershire,
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Nottingham, 1 vol.; Lewis's Topographical Dictionary of England and Wales, 7 vols. and
Atlas; Maurice's Ancient History of Hindostan, plates, 3 vols.; Cook's Graphic Works of
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